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FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

A BOY'S BIG DEAL
OR THE WALL ST. TIP THAT WON

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



"Quick, Will, catch it!" cried the struggling Bob, freeing his hand which held the packet and tossing the stock toward his friend as he rushed into the room. The other man uttered an imprecation and tried to intercept it.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

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—OR—

THE WALL STREET TIP THAT WON

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.

BOB GOES ON A MISSION.

"What's the matter, Nellie, you look all up in the air?" said Bob Baker, messenger for Cyrus Berkeley, stock-broker, meeting the office stenographer in the corridor as he was starting on an errand.

"I'm just too angry for anything," replied the girl, her tearful eyes flashing like twin stars, while her pretty face deeply flushed.

"You look it. What has made our little angel so mad?" said the boy, laughingly.

"Don't speak that way. It's no laughing matter—to me."

"What happened to excite you? Where have you been, anyway? Have you just had a strenuous interview with your best fellow and given him the hook?"

"How provoking you are! Aren't you ashamed to tease me when you see how bad I feel? You ought to sympathize with me."

"So I will when you tell me what the trouble is."

"Mr. Berkeley sent me upstairs to Mr. Vyce's office to take dictation."

"What for? What's the matter with Mr. Vyce's stenographer?"

"She's home, sick, I was told."

"Oh! And the boss, who pals around with Vyce, sent you to help him out till he gets another girl for the time being, eh?"

"Yes."

"And you didn't want to do it, I suppose?"

"That isn't the reason."

"What is it, then?"

Mr. Vyce wasn't nice to me."

"Oh, I see. He's a crank. Jumps on your neck if you don't sh on to everything he says."

No, he doesn't act that way."

Well, how does he act, then? You say he wasn't nice to you."

"He tried to make—love to me."

"Vyce did?"

"Yes."

"Well, he's got a nerve. He's twice your age. Besides, I guess he's married, anyway."

He was, but his wife divorced him."

So he wants to make you Mrs. Vyce Number Two."

"I hate him!" said Miss Watson, with emphasis.

You said that as if you meant it," smiled Bob.

"I do mean it. He's no gentleman, or he wouldn't have—"

Mixed business with love. You gave him to understand

that you objected to his advances, and then he simmered down and handed out his dictation."

"Yes, he behaved himself till I finished my work, then he told me he had taken a great liking to me, would marry me to-morrow if I said the word, and asked me to think it over."

"He evidently doesn't believe in losing any time."

"He told me he had lots of money, that he'd dress me like a princess, and we would live at a swell hotel, and go around everywhere, and I could go out every day in his automobile, and have the finest time going."

"Lots of girls would jump at that."

"They're welcome to him. I don't want him—not if he were a Vanderbilt as far as money is concerned."

"So you said No."

"I did, with a capital N. He laughed and said I'd change my mind when I thought it over. He said no girl ever lived who was insensible to fine clothes, plenty of money and a good time generally. He said he knew several ladies who were anxious to catch him, but he didn't want them. He preferred a sweet little thing like me."

"Sweet little thing is good," grinned Bob.

"How dare you make fun of what I'm telling you?" stage cried, angrily.

"I'm not making fun of it."

"Yes, you did," she flashed. "I expected you'd sympathize with me."

"So I do. Well, you made your escape, and I suppose you won't take any more dictation from him."

"I won't go in his office again."

"Not if Mr. Berkeley asks you to?"

"No. I'll tell Mr. Berkeley how he behaved himself."

"That's right. The boss has no right to expect you to work for somebody else. Run along now. I've got to hustle to make up lost time."

Bob slid for the elevator and was soon on the street, while Neilie Watson returned to her den in the office where she was employed.

When Bob returned he ran against Broker Vyce coming out of the office.

He had been in calling on Mr. Berkeley.

Bob brought a note back, which he handed to the cashier.

"Mr. Berkeley wants you," said the cashier.

Bob went into the private room.

"Mr. Vyce, Room 440, next floor, wants you to do a favor for him," said Berkeley.

"Yes, sir; but what's the matter with his own boy?"

"Nothing is the matter with him that I know of. This is a special errand."

"Very well, sir. Shall I go up there now?"

"No. He will not be ready for you till you are through."

Under such circumstances Bob thought he saw a tip coming his way, for brokers usually acted liberally when they asked boy to do a favor for them.

Bob returned to the outer room and sat down.

He amused himself reading a Wall Street daily paper he bought every morning on his way to work.

He was interested in the stock market, for he was speculating on the quiet whenever he thought he saw a chance to win. In this way, from his original stake of \$50, which he had swelled up by degrees, he had made \$1,100, and regarded himself as quite a capitalist for an office boy.

He speculated through the little bank on Nassau street, which was a kind of bucket-shop, inasmuch as one could make a deal on \$50, whereas no regular broker would accept an order under \$1,000 deposit, which involved the purchase or sale of shares of any stock on the list on margin.

Bob was now looking out for a chance to make another deal, believed he was running in luck, which he really was, else he wouldn't have been so successful.

He folks lived on a Long Island farm, and he was boarding with a married sister, who lived in Harlem.

Bob finished reading a paragraph about a silver mine that was reported to be looking up, he was called on to go out again.

His errand this time took him down to the Mills Building, and when he returned it was close to three, and time for him to carry the day's deposits to the bank.

As usual, there was a line at that hour stretching away from the receiving teller's window.

Bob took his place at the end of it, and several others filed in behind him.

One of these, the second behind him, was a messenger he had had trouble with.

The boy's name was Dan O'Hara.

He was a husky chap, who bulldozed his acquaintances generally.

He had tried his tactics on Bob, and a scrap resulted.

It ended in a draw, but O'Hara showed no eagerness to tackle Bob again.

He was anxious to get a dig at him, however.

Seeing Bob just ahead of him, he reached over the shoulder of the man between them and pushed Baker's hat over his eyes.

Bob caught his hat and looked around to see who had done the trick.

He saw O'Hara, who seemed interested in something on the ceiling.

Bob shoved his fist over the man's arm and punched Dan in the jaw.

"What did you do that for?" demanded Dan, belligerently.

"Because you tried to knock my hat off."

"Who tried to knock your hat off?" snorted O'Hara.

"No bluffs. I know you did."

"Get out. You're dreaming."

Bob turned his back on him.

He was eating an apple, and as the line moved up he fired it at Bob's ear.

Although Bob was less than a yard away, Dan's aim was so bad that the half-eaten apple caromed off Baker's shoulder and landed on the eye of a fat man who was passing his book in to the teller.

The man uttered a howl of wrath and turned to see who had taken such an unwarrantable liberty with him.

Bob had turned around and was threatening Dan.

The fat man had a suspicion that Bob was guilty, and he left the window and, seizing Baker by the arm, gave him a slap in the face.

"Take that!" he roared. "How dare you throw that apple at me?"

"What's the matter with you?" cried Bob, hopping mad over the slap, giving the man a shove that landed him on his back.

What would have been the outcome it is hard to say had not the bank detective interfered.

He had seen the whole of the incident, and he yanked Dan out of the line.

"Look here, my fine fellow, I've a great mind to put you under arrest," he said to O'Hara. "I saw you throw that apple."

The fat man, who was going to pitch into Bob, saw he had made a mistake and he gave Dan a terrible slap in the jaw that nearly loosened his teeth.

O'Hara uttered a yell and kicked the man in the shins.

The detective had his hands full keeping the two apart.

While the row was in progress Bob was shoved up to the teller's window and put in his book.

When he finished his business he saw that Dan had been shoved down at the foot of the line, while the fat man was limping out of the bank.

O'Hara shook his fist at Bob, thereby indicating that he intended to get square with him, for though he was responsible for all the trouble himself, he blamed his discomfiture on Baker.

"What he needs is a good pounding, and I'll give it to him yet," said Bob, as he left the bank.

He returned to the office and was sent out to deliver a package of bonds to a customer.

At a quarter to four he was through for the day, and he went upstairs and reported to Broker Vyce, who was a dark-featured man of about thirty-eight years.

"Here is a package of mining stock," said Vyce. "I want you to take it to a customer of mine who lives in the village of Sea Crest, down on the New Jersey shore. It is important that he should get it to-day. A train will take you within a mile of the place, and when you get there, any one will tell you where the gentleman lives. His name and address are on the package. I'm sending you on this mission because Mr. Berkley says you are a particularly smart boy. Here is \$10 to pay your expenses. Keep the change."

Bob did not know where Sea Crest was, but did not believe it was very far out of Jersey City, so he calculated in making over \$5 by the errand.

When he reached the ferry house at the foot of Cortlandt street, he asked the ticket man where Sea Crest was.

"It's on the south shore of Raritan Bay."

"How will I get there?"

"The Central of New Jersey will take you close to it."

"Well, give me a ticket to the station nearest it."

The ticket agent stamped a ticket and pushed it out to him.

"When will I get a train?" said Bob, handing him the \$10 bill.

"There's a time-table. Look it up for yourself."

Bob found a train left Jersey City at 5.10.

He had lots of time to connect with it.

He went over on the next boat and took a seat in the waiting room.

In due course the train announcer shouted out that the train Bob was going to take was ready for passengers, and the man at the door who punched his ticket told him that the cars were standing on Track 5.

Promptly on time the train pulled out with Bob on board.

CHAPTER II.

ROBBED ON THE ROAD.

It was dark by the time Bob got off the train at Glenbrook, the station his ticket called for, and going to the ticket window, he asked the agent how far Sea Crest was from that place.

"About a mile and a half. Are you going there?"

"Yes."

"You'll have to walk to-night, as the stage met with an accident and is out of business for the time being."

"All right. Point out the road."

The agent took him to the door of the station.

"Do you see that red light yonder?"

"Sure I see it."

"The road is a hundred yards or so beyond that. You can't miss it."

"Country road, I suppose?"

"It's a first-class road. Built for the automobiles that go down to Sea Crest in the summer. The people who live there run their cars over it all the year around."

"Then the walking is good?"

"First rate. There are times when it isn't, though, when the snow is deep or slushy."

"I ought to make the village in twenty minutes, for I'm a good walker."

At that moment a wagon drove up to the station.

It was driven by the son of the postmaster of Glenbrook.

He was after the mail.

"Wait a moment," said the agent to Bob. "Maybe I can get you a ride to Sea Crest. Say, Joe, how are you going to get the mail to Sea Crest to-night? The stage is out of commission."

"I'll have to carry it there myself."

"When are you going to ride over?"

"After supper."

"Here's a boy who's going there. Couldn't you take him along?"

"Yes, if he will wait for me."

"I'll wait. I can eat my supper at a restaurant in the meanwhile," said Bob, who saw the chance of being brought back after he had delivered his package.

"All right," said the boy Joe. "I'll take you to a restaurant. There's one near the post-office, and I'll call for you when I'm ready to start."

He got the mail-bag, told Bob to jump in, and they started off.

"I usually meet the train," he said, "but as there was nothing going down the road but some papers and advertising matter, I didn't bother. They'll keep till morning. Have you come down to visit somebody at Sea Crest?"

"I've been sent on an errand to a Mr. Wilcox. Know him?"

"Like a bock. He lives in a swell villa. Has retired from business. Used to be manager of an insurance company in Wall Street. He made a fortune in the stock market, and is now living on it."

"Would it be out of your way to take me to his house?"

"Not much. I'll take you there. Going to stay there long?"

"Only a few minutes. Just long enough to deliver a package."

"Then I'll wait for you and fetch you back."

"Thanks. That's kind of you."

"Not at all. Glad to do you a favor. By meeting me you have saved yourself a three-mile walk. It's a mile and a half each way."

"I am used to walking, but just the same I am not stuck on walking along the lonesome road in the dark."

"I don't blame you. There is a lot of difference between walking in the city, along a lighted sidewalk, and hiking on a dark country road. What do you do for a living?"

"I'm employed in a broker's office in Wall Street."

"That so," said Joe, regarding Bob with interest. "Did your boss send you down here?"

"No. Another broker in the same building. He gave me \$10 to pay my expenses. It won't cost me over \$3. The difference I make."

"I'd like to carry an errand for somebody to New York at that rate."

"You work for the postmaster?"

"My dad is the postmaster of this town. I get \$4 a week. I have no board to pay, so it's as good as \$10 in New York. You live with your folks, I suppose?"

"No. I live with a married sister in Harlem. My father and mother live on a small farm near Islip, Long Island."

The wagon drew up in front of a small restaurant.

"You'll get feed in there," said Joe. "I'll be back in about half an hour."

Bob entered the restaurant and, looking over the written bill of fare, ordered his supper.

It was served in about ten minutes, and he ate it leisurely.

Two hard-looking men sat at an opposite table, and they looked him over as if sizing him up.

Before he had finished they got up, paid their checks and left the restaurant.

Three-quarters of an hour passed before Joe turned up with the wagon and a limp looking mail-bag that did not appear to hold much.

Bob got on the seat and they took the road to Sea Crest.

They had not gone more than a hundred feet when the two men who had been in the restaurant stepped out into the street and hailed Joe.

"Are you going down the road to the bay?" one of them asked.

"Yes."

"Give us a lift, will you?"

"Jump in behind," said Joe, reining in.

The men climbed in and the wagon went on.

The two passengers listened to the talk of the boys and seemed to find it interesting.

About a mile had been reeled off when the men got up and, stealing up behind the boys, grabbed them around the neck with a strangle hold and pulled them off the seat, the horse stopping on feeling the reins pull on him.

"Don't make any howl, now, or we'll do you up," said one of the men, in a threatening tone.

While the speaker held Joe down back of the seat the other fellow dragged Bob to the end of the wagon.

"Lie quiet," he said, putting his knee on the lad's chest, and holding one hand over his mouth.

With the other hand he went through the messenger's clothes, taking his cheap watch, his money, and finally pulling out of his inside pocket the package he had brought down to deliver to Mr. Wilcox.

The other man went through Joe, but didn't get anything to speak of.

Then he gagged the postmaster's son with his handkerchief and, picking up a rope lying under the seat, bound his arms to his side.

He dragged him to the end of the wagon.

Bob was gagged, too, and tied to Joe with the rest of the rope.

The boys were then dragged over to the fence and secured to it.

The mail-bag was slit open and its contents investigated.

The men gained nothing from the inspection.

Tossing the bag over the fence into the field, they returned to the wagon and drove off toward Sea Crest.

The boys realized that they were in a bad predicament.

It is hard to say which felt the worst—Bob, who had lost his package and all his money, or Joe, who had lost the wagon and the mail-bag.

Both put up a struggle to free themselves, and for a while it looked as if they were fated to remain tied indefinitely.

Bob, whose hands were smaller than his companion's, at last managed to get one of them out of limbo.

The other quickly followed, but still he was not free, for he was attached to Joe and the fence.

He took the gag from his mouth, and similarly relieved his companion.

"This is a nice kettle of fish," said Joe.

"Don't mention it. Those scoundrels took my package of mining stock I was carrying to Mr. Wilcox, and all my funds."

"I've got a knife in my pocket. See if you can get it out," said Joe.

"I've got a knife which I can get at easier," said Bob.

In about two minutes they were free of their bonds altogether.

"How far are we from Sea Crest?" asked Bob.

Joe looked around.

"About half a mile, I guess," he replied.

"Those chaps have gone on there. We must follow. Is there a constable in the place?"

"Sure. Two of them, a night man and a day one."

"We must find the night man and tell him what has happened to us."

"Wait till I get the mail-bag which they threw into the field."

Joe found it without much trouble.

The mail was in it, but every one of the six letters had been torn open.

The few papers had not been touched.

"I've got the mail at any rate, but the letters are in an awful condition. What a howl the people will set up when they're handed out. Come on. I hope I'll find the wagon somewhere. My old man will be hopping if I don't bring the rig back."

"You'll find it somewhere, but I'll never recover that package unless the men are caught," said Bob.

Inside of fifteen minutes they reached the post-office, which was a fancy goods and stationery store, and was run by a woman.

She held up her hands in dismay when Joe handed her the mail.

He explained the situation in a few words.

"Where do you think we'll find the night constable?" he asked the lady.

"I couldn't tell you. He's somewhere about," she said.

"We might hunt an hour for him and then not meet him. Where does Brown, the day man, live?"

"No. 6 Myrtle avenue."

"Come on, Bob, we'll go and see him," said Joe.

Fifteen minutes later they were at the day constable's house. Brown was home and the boys told their story.

"As they had your horse and wagon, I don't believe they are in this place now," said the constable. "They probably drove along the shore to the road that leads to Keyport. They'll abandon your rig there and take a train."

This was not cheerful intelligence for Bob.

It meant that there was small chance of his recovering the package of stock.

He also wondered how he was going to get back to New York unless he could borrow a couple of dollars from Joe.

"Can't you do anything?" he said to the constable. "I think it's your duty to look for those men as long as they came here."

You don't know but they may be here now. The stock I lost belongs to Mr. Wilcox, and I guess he'll expect you to do something."

"Oh, I'll do what I can, of course. I merely said what I think the rascals have done. I see no reason why they should hang around this place after plundering you chaps. I'll telephone the Keyport police to look out for the coming of two men in a wagon by the road from the bay, then I'll hunt up my partner and we'll search the neighborhood. In the meanwhile you had better go to Mr. Wilcox's house and notify him of the circumstances," said the constable.

The boys left and, under Joe's guidance, Bob reached the villa occupied by Mr. Wilcox.

It faced upon the main thoroughfare, and the property ran down to the waters of the bay, where the gentleman had a private wharf and a small sloop yacht.

The villas on either side were owned by wealthy New Yorkers, but were only occupied during the summer season.

The boys were passing the vacant house on the right when Bob noticed a horse and wagon standing at the back.

As Joe, who knew a whole lot about Sea Crest, had just told him that the villas on either side of Wilcox's were not occupied by their owners at that time, the presence of the horse and wagon attracted Bob's attention.

"You say this place is not occupied at present?" he said to Joe.

"It isn't. Neither is the villa on the other side of Wilcox's."

"What do you suppose that horse and wagon is doing there then?"

"What horse and wagon? I don't see any."

Bob pointed.

"It's a white horse, that's how I happened to notice it in the darkness. Now, your horse is white. That might be your rig," he said.

"But why should it be standing there on the Parker property? Those rascals wouldn't have taken the trouble to fetch it in here," said Joe.

"Maybe not, but if there's no one living in the house, why should the rig be there?"

"Parker might have sent somebody down to look the house over and see if everything is all right. Maybe the family expects to come here earlier this year."

"If the gentleman sent a person down for the purpose you mentioned, I think he'd come in the daytime and not at night."

"Well, come on. It's none of our business what the outfit is doing there."

"I'm going in to see whether that is your rig or not. You'd better come with me."

"There isn't one chance in fifty that it's my team. It doesn't stand to reason that those fellows would have taken it on this property."

"That's all right, but I'm not letting any chance get away from me to find a clew to those thieves," said Bob, opening the gate and entering the grounds.

Joe followed and they walked up to the house and around to the rear.

"By jingo, that is my horse and wagon," cried Joe, as soon as he got close to the rig.

"Then I wouldn't be surprised if those scoundrels are in this house," said Bob, in some excitement.

CHAPTER III.

BOB CATCHES THE MEN.

"I believe you are right," said Joe. "They have brought the wagon here to carry off their plunder. But I don't see how they knew the house was not occupied."

"Probably they judged so from its locks. They didn't see a light anywhere. No doubt they investigated before they drove the wagon in."

"I wonder where they got in? Let's look."

They went to the kitchen door first, but that had an iron outside door which was fast.

They walked around to the front, looking at the side door and the windows, but none of these showed any signs of having been tampered with.

Bob went softly on the porch and tried the front door.

It was fast.

Then they walked around the other side without seeing an open window.

They were about stumped when Bob pointed at a plank

standing at an angle under a small single pane window near the kitchen.

"If they got in anywhere it was there," he said.

"But the window isn't open," said Joe.

"They closed it after them. I'm going to shin up to it and see whether it is fast or not."

To an active boy like Bob this presented no difficulty.

He was up to the window in half a minute.

The window yielded to his touch.

Satisfied that the men were in the house, he slid back to the ground.

"Do you think you could find the constables?" he said to his companion.

"I think it is rather doubtful."

"Then run in to Mr. Wilcox's and tell him what is happening here. I'll stay and keep watch. Tell him the package of mining stock I brought down to him was taken from me by one of the rascals, and that the only way to recover it is to catch them before they can get away."

Joe hurried away.

No sooner was he out of sight than Bob mounted the board again, pushed open the window, and crawled into the house.

Listening intently and hearing no sound, he struck a match.

Looking around, he saw he was in the butler's pantry, which was between the kitchen and dining-room.

The door into the latter was open, and Bob concluded the men had gone that way.

The room was dark and the boy ventured to strike another match and look around.

A bundle of plunder picked up in the room stood on the table, which showed that the men had lost little time over their work.

Bob guessed they were upstairs ransacking the upper floor.

"If I could find some kind of a weapon and then lie in wait for them and take them by surprise, I might be able to knock them out single-handed," he thought.

Thinking that the kitchen was the most likely place to find something of the sort, he went there.

He found part of a broom handle and a long poker.

He chose the former as being less dangerous and, he believed, quite as effective.

Returning to the dining-room, he went to the open door that led into the wide hall where the main staircase was.

There he waited a while, but becoming impatient, he ascended the stairs.

A light was shining under the door of a back room.

He looked through the keyhole, or rather tried to do so, but found it blocked by the key which stood in the lock.

Then he noticed that the door was not closed tight.

He pushed it open a bit and got a fair view of the apartment.

A lamp stood on the dressing-case.

The two men were going through drawers, which, however, were empty, in their hunt for valuables.

They had met with little luck so far as the family had carried everything of real value that was portable back to New York with them.

Still a great many ornaments of moderate value had been left in the house, and the men had made a couple of bundles of them.

The men started for the door with the light, and Bob hastened to get out of their way.

He opened the nearest door, which happened to be the linen closet, and stepped into it.

The men put their bundles down on the floor and went up to the top floor.

Bob waited for them to come down.

They soon returned, for the upper floor was bare of anything they considered worth carrying away.

The fellow who carried the lamp was the one who had robbed Bob in the wagon.

The boy once more retreated to the closet, holding his stick ready for business.

The men picked up their bundles, and the one with the lamp started down first.

As the other followed, Bob darted out of the closet and gave him a swinging blow on the head.

He pitched forward and fell down the stairs, fetching up against his companion's legs.

"What in thunder are you up to, Jim?" cried the other, turning around.

His pal lay unconscious in a heap.

"Get up! What's the matter with you?" he continued. The other didn't move.

The speaker flashed the light of the lamp over him.

He saw he was insensible and was bleeding from a cut he had received by his tumble.

He set down the light and ran down with his bundle, which he placed on the floor at the foot of the stairs.

He returned and, picking up his comrade, dragged him downstairs.

He came up again for the lamp and the bundle.

Looking down, Bob saw him drag his pal into the dining-room.

Bob crept noiselessly down, well pleased at having put one of the rascals to sleep.

He felt safe in attacking the other.

The light disappeared from the dining-room.

The man with the lamp had carried Jim into the kitchen.

His purpose was to revive his pal by an application of cold water.

The water, however, was turned off and he could not get a drop.

By this time Bob was watching him from the pantry door.

He knelt beside his companion and tried to bring him to by other means.

As his back was toward Bob, the boy saw his advantage.

He stepped quickly forward and laid him out with one blow.

Putting down his stick, the first thing Bob did was to go through the rascal's pockets for the package of mining shares.

He found it, but the end had been torn off for the purpose of examining its contents.

Then Bob hunted through his pockets for the stolen money. He found every cent that belonged to him.

Going to the kitchen door, he saw that the inside wooden door was locked and bolted.

He opened it, drew the pair of stout bolts which held the iron door, and stepped outside.

At that moment around the corner came Joe, with Mr. Wilcox and his gardener.

"This way, Joe," said Bob from the door.

The postmaster's son heard Bob's voice and advanced with the men.

"Hello!" he said. "How is it that the back door is open now? Have the rascals escaped?"

"No. I've caught them," replied Bob.

"You've caught them!" cried Joe, incredulously.

"Yes; walk into the kitchen and see them both laid out there. I whacked them over the head with this piece of broom handle."

"The dickens you did! This is Mr. Wilcox. I told him how you lost the packet of mining stock."

"How do you do, Mr. Wilcox," said Bob. "Here is the mining stock which I recovered from the man who took it away from me. The fellow tore open the end to see what was in it, but I guess you'll find the contents all right."

The gentleman took the package and said he would examine it later.

The four entered the kitchen and found the burglars as Bob had described.

The gardener bound each with a piece of clothes line, and they were carried outside and put into the wagon, with the bundles of plunder to be used as evidence against them.

Bob relocked both kitchen doors and made his exit through the pantry window.

With all hands in the wagon, Joe drove to the constable's house.

Brown was away looking for a clew to the two men and the wagon.

Mrs. Brown was equal to the emergency.

She produced the key to the strong room or cell where prisoners were temporarily kept until they were removed to town to be arraigned before the magistrate, and the men, who were still unconscious, were locked up, without being unbound, to await the return of the constable.

Mr. Wilcox examined the certificates of mining stock, compared their numbers with the receipt Bob had brought along for him to sign, and said they were all right.

He handed Bob a \$5 bill, in appreciation of his cleverness in capturing the pair of rascals, and then the two boys started for Glenbrook.

"You'll have to stay over to appear against those men in the morning," said Joe.

"Can't I make out a statement and swear to it? I've got to be at my office at nine in the morning," said Bob.

"We'll see what my old man says about it."

When they reached the post-office Joe introduced Bob to his father and told him the story of their meeting with the two rascals and its outcome.

"I wondered what was keeping you away so long," said his father. "So you caught the men?"

"Bob did. In addition to assaulting and robbing us, though they didn't find anything on me, and robbing the mail-bag, which did them no good, they have got to face a charge of burglary. I told Bob he'd have to remain over night to appear in court against the men, but he wants to get back to New York on the next train. He says he'll make out a statement and swear to it. He thinks it ought to answer."

"As you can corroborate most of the facts, I guess it will do for the examination," said his father.

So Bob wrote out his statement of the case, swore to it in the presence of the postmaster and his son, and twenty minutes afterward boarded a train for Jersey City, \$5 ahead by his night's adventure.

CHAPTER IV.

BOB PICKS UP A TIP.

Next morning Bob told his employer about his trip to Sea Crest, and the adventure he had met with in that place.

"It was great luck that things turned out the way they did," he said. "If I hadn't noticed the white horse standing in the yard of the unoccupied house next to Mr. Wilcox's villa, the rascals who robbed me of the package probably would have made their escape with a plunder they picked up in the house, and the mining stock would have disappeared with them."

"I told Mr. Vyce you were a smart boy, and you have proved it in this affair. If he had sent the package by his own boy, and he ran against the same conditions you did, that would have been the end of the stock. Go upstairs now and make your report to Mr. Vyce."

He did so, and that gentleman complimented him on the outcome of his adventure.

"I see I made no mistake in sending you, young man," he said. "When I require some special service again, I should like to be able to call on you. Now ask Mr. Berkeley if he can spare Miss Watson to take some dictation. I expect my girl back in the morning."

Bob felt bound to deliver his message to his boss, but he doubted if Nellie Watson would have anything more to do with Broker Vyce.

It happened that Nellie was taking dictation from Mr. Berkeley when Bob delivered his message.

She flashed a look at the boy, but Bob did not look at her.

Five minutes later he was carrying a note to a broker in the Vanderpool Building on Exchange Place.

While waiting to see the trader he heard a couple of the customers talking about a certain stock which one of them said was going to advance in price.

"How do you know it's going to rise?" asked the other.

"Because I was tipped off to it."

"Who tipped you off?"

"My daughter. She's stenographer for the broker who's doing the buying. She has chances of learning lots of things, as she is in the broker's confidence."

"If she is in his confidence she oughtn't to give things away, then."

"She doesn't, except to me. I'm her father, you know."

"I know, but I don't think she's—however, it's nothing to me. So she told you that A. & C. was going up in a few days?"

"Yes. There's a combine of rich men behind it. The stock is selling low at present, and they expect to send it up to par."

"That will be a rise of 20 points, for it's ruling around 80 now."

"Exactly. Well, such a chance to make a nice little haul doesn't happen every day in Wall Street."

"I should say not."

"Therefore, I've put all my spare funds into the stock on margin, and all I could borrow from my friends. I advise you to do the same."

"You are taking a great risk, I think."

"Risk! Nonsense! My daughter says the stock is as certain to go up fifteen points or more as the sun will rise to-morrow."

"It is quite certain that the sun will rise to-morrow whether we see it or not, but I think your daughter is over enthusiastic when she compares any Wall Street operation, even though backed by millions, with that luminary. Still her opinion, considering the position she holds, is worth something."

"It goes with me."

"Has she ever tipped you off before?"

"She has, but this is the most important bit of inside news she has ever got next to."

"And what was the result of her pointers?"

"They were winners, as far as they went. I've made enough money out of them to buy the house I'm living in, though I haven't cleared off the mortgage yet. I expect to make enough off A. & C. this trip to cover the mortgage and leave me a big balance over. That will put me on Easy street."

"Well, I think I'll take a chance on it. I've got a couple of thousand I have no immediate use for. I'll put it up on 200 shares."

"You won't regret it. You should clean up \$4,000."

"If I make \$2,000 I'll be satisfied. I never reach out for the last dollar."

At that juncture the broker became disengaged, and Bob went in to deliver his note.

The conversation he had overheard made so much impression on him that when he got off at fifteen minutes of four he rushed up to the little bank and ordered 100 shares of A. & C. bought for his account at 80, the market price, on margin.

This was the most important deal he had gone into yet, and, naturally, it occupied considerable of his attention, but for all that he did not permit it to interfere with his employer's business.

Bob was returning from an errand about one o'clock that day when he overtook Nellie Watson on the street.

"You're a nice boy, aren't you, to bring a request from Mr. Vyce asking for my services after what happened yesterday," she said, sharply.

"I had to do it, Nellie. Mr. Vyce asked me to take the message to Mr. Berkeley, and I felt bound to do so."

"Mr. Vyce had a cheek to ask you. Where did you meet him? In the corridor?"

"No, in his office."

"You had business there, I suppose?"

"I sure did, or I wouldn't have called on him. Did the boss ask you to oblige the gentleman again?"

"He did."

"Did you refuse to go?"

"I did, most emphatically."

"Did you tell him about yesterday?"

"I did."

"What did he say?"

He laughed and said most girls would jump at the chance Mr. Vyce had offered me."

"I told him I wouldn't marry any man I didn't like a great deal, even if he were rolling in money. Mr. Berkeley regarded me with some curiosity, and said that my ideas were rather old-fashioned. The up-to-date girl, he added, regarded love as something to be acquired after landing a husband able to provide in a suitable way for her. Love in a cottage was not considered as a profitable investment these days because it carried too many risks with it. He feared from my attitude on the subject that I would either make a fool of myself, matrimonially speaking, or die an old maid."

"Die an old maid!" said Bob. "Sooner than such a fate should overtake you, my angel, I would marry you myself."

"Would you really sacrifice yourself for my benefit?", said Nellie, with an arch smile.

"I should regard it as my duty, just as many of the knights of old used to wander around Europe looking for damsels in distress who stood in need of their stalwart arms to rescue them from some disagreeable situation."

"I'm sure I'm awfully obliged to you for the interest you take in me," said the girl, with a mischievous smile.

"Don't mention it. Well, how did the matter end? You told the boss that you wouldn't visit Mr. Vyce's office and take dictation from him again. I suppose he didn't insist?"

"No. He said that personally he was rather glad that he wasn't going to lose my valuable services now that I was broken into his ways. The great trouble employers had to contend with was that almost as soon as a pretty girl—"

"Meaning you, of course," grinned Bob.

"Don't interrupt me! As soon as a girl had made herself indispensable she resigned to get married, and a new girl had to be broken to harness. After saying more to the same effect he dismissed me to my den, and that was the end of it."

At that point they got out of the elevator and came face to face with Mr. Berkeley and Mr. Vyce.

The latter raised his hat politely to Miss Watson, but the girl, with a slight bow, hurried along with Bob, and they entered the office together.

Bob was on the street again in ten minutes, carrying a message to a New street office.

After delivering it he rushed for the elevator and came smack against another boy who was leisurely turning the corner of the corridor.

When two opposing bodies of about the same size collide, the speediest has the advantage.

In this case the other lad went down like a ninepin, and Bob fell over him.

"Great Caesar! Can't you look where you are going?" cried the boy, angrily, as he sat up and looked at Bob. "Hello, is that you, Bob?"

"So it's you, Will Eastman," returned Baker. "Sorry I knocked you down, old man, but I should think you could have heard me coming."

"I was reading this card I picked up."

"It's a good thing you were not on the street, or an automobile might have flattened you out. What is there so interesting about the card?"

"Look at it."

Bob took it and read the following:

"You are invited to attend the Third Entertainment and Smoker of the Lively Crickets, at Teutonic Hall, Friday Evening, May 16. Show begins at 8 o'clock. Come early and get a seat. Present this card at the door."

"Where did you pick it up?" asked Bob.

"On the street outside."

"Somebody lost it. It's a chance for you to see the Lively Crickets."

"I have no curiosity to see them. It's a tough crowd, I guess."

"If it's a tough organization, the entertainment is probably a glove contest, between the Harlem Chicken and the Fourth Ward Spider, or some equally distinguished featherweights. I dote on fisticuffs, so if you don't want to take it in, I might, if I can locate the hall."

"You're welcome to the ticket. If it were something nice—an organ recital, or a lecture on—"

"The moon," grinned Bob, "you'd take it in."

"Yes," said his friend, "I would. I like entertainments of an elevated character."

"That's why you were gaping the other day at Steeple Jack when he was painting the Trinity spire. That was an elevated performance."

"You are very amusing," said Will.

"Yes. I am occasionally taken that way. Well, if I go to the Lively Crickets show I'll tell you all about it when I see you next. So-long," and Bob continued on to the elevator.

CHAPTER V.

THE LIVELY CRICKETS.

Having put up nearly all his money on 100 shares of A. & C., Bob watched the quotations at every chance he got.

He got many chances, for he frequently visited the Exchange to deliver a note to his employer.

After three when the waiting-room was vacant he ventured to take a peep at the office ticker, but he didn't care to do that too often lest the cashier should take notice of his interest in the tape.

There was little change in A. & C. till Friday, when it advanced a point and a half, and it went up half a point more during the short session next morning.

Bob was encouraged to believe that he had made no mistake in banking on the tip he had overheard.

On the following Monday the stock continued to advance a little, and when he visited the Exchange he noticed that considerable business appeared to be doing around the A. & C. pole.

Many brokers were buying the stock on their own account, and selling it again at a small advance.

It went to 85 on Tuesday, and the general public began to bite at it.

On Wednesday it caused much excitement by going to 90.

As Bob placed no dependence on it going to par, he began to think about selling while the iron was hot.

He waited to see how things would go on the following day.

The stock rose steadily to 97.

On his way home that afternoon he stopped in at the little bank and ordered his 100 shares sold.

It looked as if it was going to par or over, but he was glad to get out at the handsome profit of \$17 a share he saw in sight.

His stock was sold soon after the Exchange opened next morning at 97 3-8, and this gave him a profit of \$1,700.

This little coup raised his capital to \$2,800.

Bob had not overlooked the ticket entitling the bearer to admission to the smoker of the Lively Crickets.

He had found out that Teutonic Hall was on a street off the Bowery, and he did not doubt that the Lively Crickets fully deserved their name.

He was not sure that he ought to attend the affair, but he had nerve enough to venture almost anywhere.

He considered himself able to take care of himself, for he had all the confidence of one thoroughly up in the science of self-defence.

He did not profess to be able to stop a professional scrapper, but he wasn't afraid of the average tough.

This being Friday the 16th, he debated with himself at intervals whether he would attend the smoker.

He believed that if he went he would find himself among a tough crowd, but he had long had a curiosity to be present at one of the East Side entertainments to see how things went on there, and he now had the chance to satisfy his desires in regular fashion.

On his way home he cast the deciding vote in favor of going.

Accordingly, at fifteen minutes of eight, he walked up the steps leading to Teutonic Hall entrance.

The arched doorway which formed the portal of the hallway leading to the hall was not remarkable for classical beauty, but rather for the dirt which obscured the original decorations.

The whole face of the building sadly needed a coat or two of paint to brighten it up.

There was a sizable bar-room on one side of the entrance, and a billiard and pool room on the other.

The former was well filled with men of all ages drinking and talking either at the bar or at the small round tables scattered about the room.

In the latter were congregated youths and young men, playing pool chiefly and smoking cigars and cigarettes.

Around the entrance and on the sidewalk were congregated bunches of the neighboring population of the male gender, who bestowed an envious eye upon every one entering the building by the door that led to the hall.

Bob came in for plenty of consideration in that respect, and probably would have had more but for the arrival of a cab, out of which stepped what the onlookers called a "swell guy," for he had an evening suit on under his overcoat, and wore a crushed hat.

Had Bob looked behind he would have recognized the newcomer as Broker Vyce.

With the Wall Street man was a smooth-faced individual connected with police headquarters.

Vyce directed the cabman to return at a certain time, and then he and his companion entered the building.

At the end of the entrance hall was a table, behind which sat a tough-looking young man, whose business there was to let no one pass inside who did not possess the magic pasteboard bearing the initials on the back of some member of the social organization responsible for the smoker.

Each ticket bore a number, and Bob's was No. 65.

Two or three young men with buttons stamped with the name of the club stood around the door.

The ticket-taker held out his hand to Bob, and that lad produced his ticket.

"Any seats left, Barney?" the ticket man inquired.

"I don't t'ink," was the reply, "but if the young gent has a quarter I guess I kin find him one up front."

He looked inquiringly at Bob.

"A pipe goes wit' the quarter," he added, pulling a corn-cob with a stem out of his pocket. "The tobacker is passed around."

Bob judged that it would pay to cough up the money, and he did so.

"Come wit' me," said the chap, taking Bob by the arm, at the same time handing him a pipe.

They entered the crowded hall together.

A small boy with a large box of loose smoking tobacco was passing, and Bob's conductor grabbed him.

"Let the gent help himself," he said.

Although Bob had no intention of smoking, he took a liberal handful and put it in his pocket.

He was offered several matches, and took them.

Then a seat in the third row from the front was found for him, although at the first glance no seat appeared to be there.

Broker Vyce and his companion were taken into the gallery and given box seats which were reserved for sundry small politicians and particular friends of members of the Lively Crickets.

The hall possessed a small stage, and sundry sets of faded scenery.

Also a shabby green curtain, which was down.

A limited orchestra of three—violinist, cornet player and pianist—were just getting ready for business.

White jacketed waiters were passing drinks around and taking orders.

The usual bar prices were charged, and the club got a rake-off on each drink.

After the orchestra had played something with great vigor, a young man in a sack coat, smooth face and tough look came out in front of the curtain.

He was the president of the Crickets.

"I wish to announce dat the performance will begin wit' a knockabout act by Mulligan & McSweeny, the greatest amacher team in the business," he said.

There was some applause as he retired.

The curtain went up in the good old-fashioned way, and the knockabout pair made their appearance made up like two stage Irishmen.

They began with a crossfire conversation supposed to be extremely funny, but the jokes were so old that many of them had whiskers.

A duet followed in which both sang somewhat out of the right key.

Several in the audience expressed their dissatisfaction by shouting "Giv 'em de hook!"

No hook appeared, and they proceeded with their act, which was to knock one another about in rough-house fashion.

They finally bowed themselves off, but without getting any applause.

The president reappeared and announced that Miss Queenie Adair, a professional from a Bowery vaudeville theater, would next appear in a variety of songs and dances.

Miss Queenie came on attired in the customary short skirts of variegated hue, and received an ovation.

She was to receive \$5 when she finished, and she endeavored to earn it.

She received several encores, and though she possessed but moderate ability, no one ventured to suggest the hook for her.

As soon as the young lady was out of the way the president announced that the next thing on the programme would be a three-round "go" between Gunboat Billy and Jimmy, the Bronx Kid.

A rope was quickly stretched around four posts, and then the boxers, clad only in a pair of trunks, "shied their castors into the ring," and went at each other like a pair of bantam roosters.

The scrap aroused great enthusiasm in the hall, and Bob was more interested in it than the two vaudeville numbers that preceded it.

The fight ended in a draw, and then two other scrappers appeared for a three-round contest.

They were followed by a third and fourth pair.

Then there was a brief respite, which was filled in by a young tallow-faced chap who sang about what he saw on the Brooklyn Bridge at midnight.

He was followed by three pair of boxers, who went in for all they were worth.

The orchestra tooted a few bars between each bout.

A couple of lady amateurs obliged with a duet, and as they had good voices, and conducted themselves with professional coolness, they were pronounced the best of the vaudeville talent so far.

More fighters appeared.

The first knockout was achieved in the second round of the third bout, and this created a scene of great excitement.

When eleven o'clock came, Bob decided it was time for him to go home.

He waited till the band started to fill in between scraps, and then made for the door.

He was offered a return check, a card torn in half, but declined it.

There was still quite a bunch of idlers on the sidewalk in front of the hall.

One of them was Dan O'Hara, who lived in the neighborhood, and he recognized Bob.

As he had it in for the Wall Street lad, he picked up a damaged carrot from the gutter and fired it at Bob.

It struck his hat and whisked it off.

Bob turned quickly and detected the author of the assault.

He picked up his hat and then walked toward Dan.

That young rascal, feeling confidence in the presence of several of his gang, stood his ground prepared to defend himself.

"What did you do that for, O'Hara?" demanded Bob.

"Because I felt like it, you lobster," replied Dan. Bob made a sudden feint with his right arm. Dan threw up his left arm to ward off the blow he thought was coming.

That left him exposed to Bob's left, which shot straight at his jaw with lightning rapidity.

It landed with the stroke of a pile-driver, and Dan went over into the gutter and lay there dazed and knocked out.

Bob half expected some of Dan's friends would jump on him, but they didn't.

He looked too dangerous to them.

Waiting a moment or two to see what might happen, he turned on his heel and walked toward the Bleecker street elevated station.

CHAPTER VI.

A GILT-EDGED TIP.

Next morning Bob met Will at the Exchange and told him about the entertainment of the Lively Crickets.

"I expected you would see a lot of scrapping if you went," said Will. "Such performances do not appeal to me. Glove contests are a survival of the brute instincts in man. Our savage ancestors were always fighting, either among themselves or with their enemies. In fact, a man in those days had to fight to live."

"And he has to fight to live now. The fellows who have lost their backbone are to be found roosting in the parks."

"We fight with our brains now, not with our fists."

"I suppose you have studied the matter out and got the subject down fine."

"Yes. I am interested in the evolution of the human race. I am constantly reading the best books that deal with the problem."

"Well, I'd rather read the Wall Street papers and study the conditions that lead to money making. The evolution of the human race is all right, but I am more interested in the evolution of finance and its side issues."

"Do you expect to be a millionaire some day?" smiled Will.

"I expect to build up a good bank account. This is the age of money, and it behooves a chap to get his share if he hopes to live on Easy street."

"Money isn't everything. It's a material substance that one must have to live, but otherwise it has no value. Now it is different with one's brains. The most solid investment a person can make is to accumulate knowledge."

"You always talk like a professor, Will. I dare say that bean of yours is pretty well stocked with the matter you get out of books. I'll bet you know what kind of food every ancient nation lived on and how they served it up; but I don't see what particular advantage that is to you or any one else these days. Now if you know anything about the old-time money markets, if they had such things, I'll listen to you, for I might catch on to an idea."

Will said that his only knowledge about ancient money making was confined to the conquests of one nation over another—the victor always captured the spoils.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you about the run-in I had with Dan O'Hara last night outside Teutonic Hall," said Bob, changing the subject abruptly. "He threw something at me that knocked my hat off. I went up to him and asked him what he did it for. He gave me a cheeky answer, and I slugged him in the jaw. He went down and out. He would have taken the count in the ring. I guess he'll leave me alone in the future."

"He is one of the roughest fellows in Wall Street—always up to some kind of horseplay when he comes into the Exchange. Most of the boys are afraid of him."

"Yes, I know; but there is a lot of bluff about him, though he is capable of putting up a good fight. I've taken some of the conceit out of him, and I'll take more if he gets in my way."

That ended their interview, which had taken place after both had left their offices for the day around one o'clock.

Bob got his lunch and then hied himself to the Long Island depot in Brooklyn to catch a train for Islip.

In due time he reached the village, which was a familiar place to him, for before removing to New York he had spent all his life on his father's farm, which was about three miles out in the country, and he had often visited Islip.

"Hello, Bob," said the station agent, who knew him well, "come down to see your folks?"

"What do you suppose I came for? To inspect the country?" said Bob.

"How are things in Wall Street?"

"Same as usual."

"You haven't become a broker yet, eh?"

"Hardly. That's a future possibility."

"I guess you aren't expected. I don't see any team waiting for you."

"What's the odds? I can walk. It won't be the first time."

"Why don't you go over to Hutt's general store, you might find some farmer who would give you a lift?"

"I'll let any farmer going my way overtake me."

"It looks as if it might rain before you got to the farm."

"I'll take a chance on it," said Bob, starting off.

He had traveled about half a mile when he came upon a stalled automobile.

Something had gone wrong with it, and the owner, with his coat off, was trying to fix it.

Bob stopped and watched him with some interest.

"Know anything about motor cars?" the gentleman asked him.

"Not a whole lot. I can run one that's in good order, but if it got out of gear I couldn't tell what was the matter with it," said Bob.

The gentleman scratched his head.

Finally he crawled under the machine and took a look there.

"I see what's the trouble," he said, when he came out.

He took something out of his tool-box and got under the car again.

He stayed there perhaps five minutes, then he cranked his machine and started it.

The car went off all right.

The last Bob saw of the outfit it was disappearing around the turn in the road and the man was putting on his coat.

Then Bob saw something lying in the road where the car had been.

It was a long, thin pocketbook of brown leather.

He picked it up.

"I saw that sticking out of the gentleman's hip pocket. It must have worked out while he was under the car. Now he's gone, and there is as much chance of catching him as flying. I wonder what's in it? Seems kind of flat."

Bob opened it.

Three \$10 bills were folded in one compartment.

Several postage stamps, and business cards in another.

The cards, which were all alike, read: "John Potter, Attorney-at-law, No. 115 Broadway, New York City."

"That is clew enough, I guess, to return the pocketbook to the owner," thought Bob.

Still he wasn't sure that the owner of the wallet was Mr. Potter.

He picked a folded sheet of note paper from another compartment.

It bore the imprint of the secretary's office of the O. & G. Railroad Co.

Bob ran his eyes over the contents of the note.

It was addressed to John Potter, and continued with "Dear John: I promised to send you a tip some time which you could rely upon. I do so now. I have learned that a syndicate is about to corner and boom the stock of the Atlas Short Line. The shares are going around 60, which is low for them. Put all your spare cash up on as many shares as you can buy on a ten per cent. margin, and you will come out a winner. Hold out for a twenty point rise. It will probably go higher, but as you are not a dyed-in-the-wool speculator, I advise you to sell out at 80. My regards to your good lady and your charming daughter. Sincerely yours, GEORGE WESTBROOK."

"Gee! This is some tip. I see myself getting in on this deal the first thing on Monday," said Bob. "It's better to be born lucky than rich. If I hadn't come this way on foot I would have missed this fine thing. The pocketbook clearly belongs to Mr. Potter, and I'll see that he gets it on Monday if he's at his office."

Bob shoved the pocketbook into an inside pocket and started on his way.

Presently along the road behind him came a farm wagon driven by an elderly farmer named Si Slocum.

He and Bob were well acquainted.

Bob heard the rig coming and turned around.

"Here's where I get a lift. It's old Si Slocum and his gray mare," he said.

"Gosh blame it, is that you, Bob Baker?" said the farmer, reining in as he came up. "What in thunder are you hikin' it for when your dad has two or three waggins on his place? Jump in and I'll take you as far as your lane."

Bob got in and explained that his folks were not looking for him to come down that day.

"Decided all of a sudden to come, eh? How's your sister?"

"She was all right when I left home this morning."

"When is she comin' down to see the folks?"

"I couldn't tell you."

"I seen your dad two days ago. He was thinkin' of goin' to the city to see you people. How long are you goin' to stay?"

"Till Monday morning."

"Maybe he'll go back with you. I should like to go myself, but things are gettin' kind of busy on the farm. The first of June will be here in no time."

"Why didn't you come during the winter when work is at a standstill?"

"That's what I should have done. I had a couple of brokers down to my place a few weeks ago shootin' in the swamp. They stopped with us and paid royally for their room and board. They stayed four days, and my son Zeke piloted them around the swamp. Every evenin' they'd sit around the fire and talk Wall Street. They told me that any time I came to the city to call on them they'd see I had a swell time and it wouldn't cost me a cent. I made up my mind to go, but mother she objected. I think she was kind of suspicious about the good time I would have. You see one of them gents spoke about a 'leg show' at some theater that they'd take me to, and mother she got the idea it wouldn't do me no good to see the show, so I didn't make the trip. I s'pose you've seen them leg shows, hain't you?" and the old man poked Bob in the ribs.

"What are you referring to, Si? A musical comedy or a spectacular drama?" said Bob, with a grin.

"I mean them shows where there are lots of gals in short dresses, who sing and dance, and look purty."

"We have a number of those shows at the best theaters, and they usually draw well."

"If I spent a week in the city I'd take a new one in every night, dern the expense. A fellow only lives once, and he might as well have a good time while he's about it."

The wagon turned into a branch road.

An old-fashioned mansion standing well back from the road loomed up on the right.

It had long been untenanted and was falling into ruin.

"It's a wonder to me the Garretts never fixed that place up and rented it," said Bob.

"They might have done that a while ago, before they went to Europe, but it's too late to do anythin' with it now."

"You think it wouldn't pay to do anything with it because it's been idle so long?"

"It ain't so much that; but the spooks have got possession of it now."

"Who says so? That's all nonsense."

"There ain't no nonsense about it, son. That there house is haunted."

"Since when has that yarn got about? I never heard anything about it before."

"You hain't been down here since Washington's Birthday. Things have happened in that house lately that are mighty curious."

"What's happened?" asked Bob, curiously.

"Lights have been seen in the windows at night, partic'larly in the wing room where old man Garrett died. You see he never went to meetin', and folks always feared he'd fetch up in a warm place. Now they say his spirit can't rest, and that it walks around the old house nights."

"Do you believe such tommyrot?"

"I must believe what I've heard."

"Has any one who knew the old gentleman in life seen his ghost lately?"

"No, I hain't met any one who's been close enough to see his spook. I reckon you'd have to get into the house and spend a night there if you was curious enough on the subject. But several people have seen the lights. Them lights hain't no business to be there. It ain't natural."

"But a tramp or two might have made the building their headquarters for a while. Such things often happen in vacant houses."

"I dunno," said old man Slocum; "but the opinion around these parts is that the house is haunted, and nobody'll go near it."

The farmer reined in opposite the lane leading up to Farmer Baker's place, and Bob, thanking Si for the lift, sprang down, opened the gate and walked toward the house, which, with the big barn and other outbuildings, stood back some little way from the road.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF BOB.

Bob's arrival was a surprise to the family, but he got a royal welcome just the same.

"Why didn't you write and tell us you were coming?" said his mother. "How is Lizzie?"

"Lizzie is as fine as silk, and I didn't write because I didn't make up my mind to come till I was eating my breakfast this morning, and then it was too late to send you word, except by telegraph, and as the office in Islip does not deliver messages to the country people except by mail, unless a messenger is paid for in advance, you probably wouldn't have got it in time."

"So you had to walk from the village?"

"I walked about half a mile, and then old Si Slocum came along in his wagon and toted me the rest of the way."

"That was fortunate. It saved you quite a walk."

"How's dad? I suppose he's somewhere about?"

"He's same as usual. He and Henry are fixing a broken fence. He'll be glad to see you. Your coming will be a surprise to him."

Bob opened his small grip and displayed the presents he had brought for his father, mother and sisters.

He never came to the farm empty handed, and that was an added reason why the girls were glad to see him.

In the course of time his father and the hired man returned to the yard and were going into the barn when Bob surprised them with his presence.

During supper Bob mentioned what Si Slocum said about the Garrett homestead.

Farmer Baker didn't know who was responsible for the report, but there seemed to be no doubt that lights had been seen in the old building.

"What do you think about it, dad?"

"I haven't thought much about it. I've got something of more importance to occupy my mind," said Farmer Baker.

"Do some of the people around here really believe the old place is haunted?"

"I guess they do."

"The chumps are not all dead yet."

"I'll bet you wouldn't go into the house after dark," said one of his sisters.

"How much do you want to bet?" said Bob.

"I'd bet a dollar."

"You'd lose it, sis, if I could get in."

"I don't believe it."

"All right. I'll drive you over there to-morrow about dusk and let you see me go in."

"I wouldn't go near the place for a hundred dollars."

"Then you believe the place is spooky?"

"I don't know whether it is or not."

"You're a little fraid-cat. I thought you had some spunk."

"Mother, make him stop teasing me," said the girl.

"We'll change the conversation," said the farmer. "How are you getting on in Wall Street?"

"Swimmingly. I've just made \$1,700 on a deal in the market."

"The dickens you have! How did you make it?"

"You know I had \$600 when I was here last. I made \$500 more up to a month or so ago. Then I picked up a tip less than two weeks ago on A. & C. I bought 100 shares on margin, putting up \$1,000 security. The stock went up with a rush, and I cleared a profit of \$17 a share. That's how I made it. Now I'm worth \$2,800."

"Seems to me you are making more money than I am, and you haven't any one to provide for but yourself."

"That's because there's more money to be made in Wall Street than here on the farm."

"You've told us that most people who speculate in Wall Street lose their money."

"That's right; but I'm one of the lucky few who have won with refreshing regularity."

"I don't see how you can do it. I shouldn't think you'd have any time to speculate."

"Oh, there are more ways than one of skinning a cat."

"I trust you are not neglecting your office duties. I shouldn't like to hear that you had lost your position. You have an excellent chance to rise in the world, and should make the most of it."

"There are lots of ways of rising in the world. I heard of a man of 60 rising quite high in the world a while ago."

"That is unusual. Men of sixty have seen their best days."

Unless they have acquired a competence at that age they are likely to finish on the poor farm."

"This man finished at the morgue."

"How is that?"

"He sat on a box of dynamite. In some way the stuff exploded and he rose in the world about thirty feet. What was left of him was taken to the morgue."

The farmer frowned as his two daughters burst out laughing at their brother's joke.

"You shouldn't make fun of a serious subject," he said.

"All right, dad, let it go. Coming down this afternoon is going to put a couple more thousands into my pockets."

"Explain yourself."

"I picked up a pocketbook in the road before Si Slocum overtook me, and the pocketbook contains a fine tip—a real winner. I'm going to put up every cent of my \$2,800 on it."

"I'm afraid you are too venturesome. First thing we'll hear is that you've lost all you have made."

"Then I'll begin over again."

"Twenty-eight hundred dollars isn't found every day."

"Don't worry about the money. I'll give a good account of it."

"I hope you will," said his father, getting up from the table.

Next morning Bob called on some of his old friends—boys who were working on their father's farm, but who wished they were working, like Bob, in the city, where they would have shorter hours and see something of real life.

They were all glad to see him again, and asked him numerous questions about Wall Street and New York.

"I've a great mind to shake the farm," said Ben Foster, Bob's old chum.

"I wouldn't advise you to unless you did it with your father's permission, and had a job in prospect. All I had to do was to walk into my job when I reached the city; and then I had my sister's home to fall back on. It would have been a good deal different with me if I had landed in the city nearly bankrupt, and had to scare up a job of some kind. I wouldn't have landed in Wall Street," said Bob.

"Couldn't you get me a job with some broker? You ought to know a good many of them by this time," said Ben.

"I could hardly recommend any one who was not acquainted with the lower part of the city, at least."

"But you didn't know the lower part of the city when you went to work."

"Allowances were made for my ignorance by Mr. Berkeley. He offered to take me into his office, knowing that I was raw. Under those conditions I was able to make good."

"Well, I'm not going to stay on the farm all my life. Farming isn't as profitable as it used to be."

"If a farmer keeps abreast of the times he ought to do as well as his father did, perhaps better."

Ben evidently had his doubts on the subject.

Bob changed the subject, and finally brought up the topic of the Garrett homestead and the report that it was haunted.

"Let's hear what you know about it," he said.

"Quite a number of people have seen the lights," said Ben.

"If the lights are the only ground on which the folks around here allege the house is haunted, I don't see anything in it. I maintain that several tramps are, or have been, living there. It's a good place for them to cast anchor in until the weather grows warmer. When were the lights seen first?"

"About six weeks ago."

"And have they been frequently seen since?"

"No, only occasionally."

"At the same hour or at different times?"

"Around midnight."

"That's the hour spooks are supposed to walk—from then till the cocks crow. Suppose we go over to the old place now, go through it and see what signs we can find of occupancy by tramps. I'd like to show these superstitious jays that they have been making a mountain out of a molehill."

"I'll go with you."

"We might get a couple other chaps to go along so as to have more witnesses."

"We'll stop at Hen Bagley's place and ask him to go. Hen wouldn't mind going in the daylight."

They walked over to the Bagley farm and persuaded Hen to accompany them.

They walked down the road to the old homestead, pushed the gate open and entered the grounds, which were overgrown with weeds and grass that was beginning to grow afresh.

Bob tried the front door, but it was as fast as a rock.

None of the windows were broken, and all were fastened against invaders.

They expected to find the back door showing signs of having

been forced, but there were no suspicious marks on it, and it was fast.

"Doesn't look as if tramps had been here," said Ben.

Bob had to admit the fact after trying the cellar flaps and finding them as tight as the doors and windows.

"We'll put one of those boards against the kitchen roof and I'll climb up and see if I can get in through one of the windows up there. If so, you fellows can follow me."

Bob mounted to the roof of the kitchen, which was at the end of the ell, and was only one story.

The first window he tried was easy to push up.

He called to his companions to follow him, and scrambled into the house.

They got on the kitchen roof, and Ben was about to get in through the window, when it was shut down in his face; but who closed it, or whether it closed of its own accord, the boy could not determine.

It remained for him to push the sash up again; but this he found to be out of the question.

"This is funny," he said to Hen.

"What's funny?" said Hen.

"I can't open the window."

"Bob will open it presently. We'll wait."

Bob didn't open it, though they waited several minutes for him to do so.

"You try it," said Ben.

Hen's efforts proved just as futile.

They went to the other window and tried that.

It was just as fast.

They walked about on the roof waiting for Bob to reappear.

But he didn't, though they put in fifteen minutes that way.

"I guess Bob isn't worrying about us," said Hen.

"It doesn't look as if he was," said Ben.

They waited a while longer.

Then Ben, having grown impatient, tackled the window again.

To his surprise it went up easily.

"Now what do you think of that?" he said. "Neither of us could budge it a few minutes ago. Well, come on."

They crawled into the house, one after the other, and shouted for Bob.

The echoes of the old house alone answered them.

They passed from room to room on that floor, curiously inspecting the place which was regarded as one of the oldest houses in that neighborhood.

It had been in possession of the Garrett family for over fifty years, having been built by the original Garrett.

"I don't see any signs of tramps having been here," said Ben.

"Neither do I," said Hen.

They went into the wing where the lights had been seen, and looked carefully around the large room.

This was the only fully furnished room on the floor.

The old-fashioned four-post bedstead, draped with curtains, used by the old man Garrett up to his death, stood in one corner.

It showed no signs of having been used by intruders.

Four chairs, a table, an old dresser, and other pieces of furniture stood about, covered with dust.

On the floor was a faded carpet of handsome design.

They looked into the large closet and saw that it was filled with male attire hanging from hooks.

In the center of the closet was a huge, old-fashioned trunk, which was locked.

Had the boys tried to lift it, they would have found it quite heavy.

Having seen all they wanted to, they went up to the spacious garret, and found it stocked with miscellaneous truck, gathered there year after year.

Dust covered everything, and cobwebs hung from the corners.

There were tracks of shoes on the floor, which Ben thought had been made by Bob, or somebody who had been up there lately.

Then they went downstairs to the ground floor, expecting to find Bob there, but he wasn't.

The big parlor was partly dismantled, everything portable of real value having been removed.

Most everything but the carpet had been taken from the dining-room.

The kitchen was about the same as when the house was occupied.

There was hardly any dust there, except in the corners, behind and under the stove, under the table and dresser, and

other places where things would have to be moved in order to sweep.

There were many evidences of recent occupancy, and the boys couldn't help noticing them.

What puzzled them, however, was where Bob had gone to, for though they shouted down the cellar stairs they received no answer from him.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BOB.

"He's hiding from us," said Hen.

"He could easily do that up in the garret, for it's full of old lumber that a fellow would have to move to look behind. I guess he went there all right, for we saw footsteps in the dust all about the place."

"I don't believe he hid himself there. It's too dusty. I'll bet he's down in the cellar laughing at us."

"Then we'll go down there. Here's a bit of candle on the stove. I'll light it so we can see around."

They marched into the cellar with the candle.

"You stay here at the foot of the stairs, Hen, so he can't slip us without you seeing him, and I'll do the investigating," said Ben.

At that moment a sepulchral groan came out of the darkness in front of them.

"What was that?" said Hen, nervously.

"That was Bob, trying to frighten us," said Hen.

A second hollow groan struck on their ears.

"I don't believe Bob could make such a sound," said Hen. "Let's go back."

"What are you afraid of? Want to let him have the laugh on us?"

"It's awfully dark down here and chilly."

A third groan, more dismal and prolonged than the others, reverberated around the cellar.

"Cut it out, Bob. we're on to you," said Ben, starting to advance.

Suddenly a weird, greenish light sprang up, lighting the entire cellar.

It revealed an awful sight to the eyes of the two boys—a man hanging by his neck from a rope attached to a beam.

That was enough for Hen.

He ran up the stairs to the kitchen in double quick time.

Ben stared in wonder at the suspended figure, which was some yards distant.

The light and the figure, which seemed to be a suicide, could not have been produced by Bob, though the preliminary groans might have been.

Abandoned by Hen, his courage began to ooze away and he retreated to the steps.

Then the light went out as suddenly as it appeared, and another deep groan sounded, ending in a melancholy wail.

Ben retired in orderly fashion from the cellar, but he took care to shut the cellar door.

He found Hen waiting for him.

"The house is haunted, sure," said Hen. "And it isn't the spirit of old man Garrett, but some tramp that has hanged himself down there. Let's hurry away and carry the news to the police."

"Do you suppose I'm going to walk to Islip? Not much. We'll get out of the house. Bob didn't go into the cellar or we'd have heard from him. We'll probably find him outside waiting for us."

They hurried upstairs and made their escape through the open window, where they entered from the kitchen roof.

Bob wasn't there, nor was he anywhere in sight about the yard below.

"I don't see him," said Hen.

At that moment the window closed with a bang.

They looked at it, but could see no one inside.

"Gee! I'm not going to stay around this place any longer," said Hen, who was plainly scared at what he had seen and heard.

Hen said nothing, but he followed his companion to the yard.

"Come over to the fence. We'll sit on it and wait for Bob," he said.

They perched themselves on the fence like a couple of crows and waited.

"There is no reason why Bob should stay in there so long," said Hen. "I'm afraid something has happened to him."

"You think the spooks have got him, eh?"

"I do. We ought to go to the village and get the police to

come out here and investigate. They ought to know that a dead body is hanging in the cellar."

"Do you think it was a dead body?" said Ben, doubts on the subject recurring to him now that he was out in the sunshine.

"Do I think it was? Did we see it?" cried Hen.

"Sure we saw it; but we wasn't close to it. I didn't see any face."

"His face was turned the other way."

"It might have been a dead body, but that light and those groans. It might all be a trick on Bob's part."

"Get out! How could he produce that light? It was a ghostly sort of light. It gave me the shivers. I wouldn't stay here if it wasn't for you."

"It was Bob who proposed that we come out here and go through the house."

"What of it?"

"He's a wise chap since he's been living in the city. He might have brought that light out here on purpose to work this trick off on us."

"How could he bring the light here?"

"He could buy the stuff in some store where it was for sale. Don't you know there are red, green, blue and other colored lights sold around Fourth of July? They come in little pots, and all you have to do is to touch them off with a match."

"But that light looked different."

"How do you know it did? Maybe those lights look different in doors. I have only seen them out doors."

"Suppose he did bring the light down, where could he have got the figure of a man to hang by the neck?"

"A pair of pants, a coat spread out with a stick, and a hat, would make a fair imitation at a distance in that cellar."

"And those groans? They were unearthly."

"They could be made with practice."

Hen was clearly incredulous.

"If Bob worked a trick on us, why doesn't he come out and have his laugh? What is keeping him in there?" said Hen.

Ben scratched his head.

He couldn't say what was keeping Bob inside.

Then it occurred to him that Bob might have sneaked out by the front door and left them to figure over the mystery of his non-appearance.

"Come around in front," he said.

They went around and he tried the door, but it was fast as when Bob tried it.

"If Bob is still in the house it wouldn't be fair to leave him, but I have a suspicion that he's left us in the lurch to cap his joke," said Ben.

"Let's go home, then," said Hen, eagerly.

So they started back the way they came there.

But what about Bob?

Had he worked off a practical joke on his country friends and then left the house while they were sitting on the fence waiting for him?

Not at all.

Bob was in a serious predicament.

When he opened the window and crawled into the house he found two men confronting him.

Quick as a flash he was grabbed and thrown to the floor.

He was gagged and bound, and then dragged away by one of the men, while the other pulled down the window and secured it with a hook catch, with which all the windows in the house were guarded.

Then he rejoined his companion, and Bob was dragged downstairs and into the cellar by them.

He was shoved into a roomy closet, where formerly preserves had been stored, and the door locked on him.

One of the men then returned upstairs to see if Ben and Hen were still on the roof of the kitchen.

Finding they were, he went back and the two men held a consultation.

The man who had been upstairs went back, unfastened the window and retreated.

A minute or two later Ben found the window easy to push up, and he and Hen got in, as we have seen.

The ghostly business in the cellar was worked upon them when they came down there to frighten them away, and to confirm the reputation the men knew the house had lately acquired.

After the boys left the house, the men watched them while they sat on the fence.

They knew what the lads were waiting for.

When Ben and Hen finally went away, the men retired to the cellar again.

They went into the section that was under the wing.

Not by the doorway that originally communicated with it, but through a narrow door they had made themselves.

This door was hidden behind a bin once used for coal.

To give the impression that the cellar extended no further than the wooden partition, they had brought a quantity of earth down and built a wall all the way to the ceiling.

This effectually cut off the cellar under the wing.

No one who had not lived in the house would have dreamed that the cellar extended any further.

And why had all this work been undertaken by the four men who had taken up their quarters there, two being away that Sunday afternoon?

For a criminal purpose.

Before any alterations had been made in the cellar, a plate printing press had been brought there in parts and afterwards put together.

A ream of specially made paper had also been conveyed there.

Fac-simile plates for turning out a stock issue of a certain railroad company had been prepared by an expert engraver on metal, and the work of printing the stock was already under way.

Genuine certificates of stock of the company in question were ruling around par in the exchanges of the country, and the conspirators expected to be able to sell enough of their spurious certificates to make a big haul in cash.

To keep chance visitors from prowling around the house, particularly boys, they decided to give the place an uncanny reputation.

One of them always kept watch on the road and the approaches to the house, and whenever he made out any one passing along the road late at night, the watcher flashed a light from the window of the wing room on the second story.

They came and went, two at a time, in a high-power motor car, and always at night, and when approaching the house always put out the lights of the machine, which was housed in the barn, and while there carefully covered under a canvas screen.

Their work was well under way when Bob came down to see his folks, and the statement made by Farmer Slocum that Garrett homestead was haunted aroused his curiosity.

CHAPTER IX.

THE COUNTERFEITERS' DEN.

Bob's feelings may better be imagined than described when he found himself captured, bound and gagged by the two men as we have related.

His natural impression was that they were tramps, who were in possession of the house and objected to his entrance.

He had little chance to offer much resistance, for they took him by surprise, and hustled him down to the cellar, and into the closet, before he knew where he was.

Left to himself, he wondered what the men intended doing with him.

He also wondered what Ben and Hen would do when he failed to show up.

He had seen the man shut the window and fasten it, and so he supposed they would be kept out.

He hoped, when they realized he was in trouble, and that they could do nothing to save him, they would hurry back and tell his father what had happened.

He knew that his father would then organize a rescue party to come to his relief.

After he had been confined in the closet about fifteen minutes he heard Ben and Hen shouting down in the cellar to him, apparently believing he was there.

That showed him they had got into the house after all.

Had he not been gagged he would have answered their hail. He hoped they would come into the cellar to look for him.

In a few minutes he heard them coming down the steps.

He knew it was them by their voices.

Then followed the spook business operated by the two men in hiding.

Bob heard the groans and saw the light under the closet door, but did not get the meaning of it through his head till after his friends had retired and left the house.

Then he heard the men laughing out in the cellar, and he judged they had worked some trick off on his companions which had prevented them from exploring the cellar.

He heard one of the men pass up and down the stairs two or three times, and after that there was silence.

A long time passed, during which Bob tried to free himself from the cords that bound his arms.

Finally, at the sacrifice of some skin, he succeeded in getting one of his hands out of bondage, and the rest was easy.

He removed the gag and then gave his attention to the door of the closet.

After trying in vain to force the lock with the big blade of his knife, he looked over the shelves of the closet and discovered a can-opener in the corner of one.

He used this as a jimmy, in connection with his knife, and as the door was only a simple affair, he managed to force the tongue of the lock out of its place, and thus opened the door and walked out.

The key stood in the lock, left there by one of the men in the hurry of the moment.

To give the rascals the impression that he was still in the closet, he fastened the door and removed the key.

The cellar was as dark as the ace of spades, for the windows had all been covered with heavy dark cloth to prevent light from shining through them.

Bob wondered where the men were.

Apparently they were not in the cellar.

He struck a match and examined the place.

Almost the first thing he saw was the effigy of a man hanging from a rope attached to a beam.

The sight startled him at first, for the figure looked like a real man suspended by the neck.

Being a nervy lad, he approached the figure and discovered it was only a dummy, stuffed with straw.

Immediately he surmised that the light he had seen had revealed it to Ben and Hen, when they came into the cellar, and that the sight had scared them out of the house.

"I guess those men intend to stay here as long as they can," he thought, "and have adopted the spook game to keep intruders away. I'll put a spoke in their game and have them routed out. I would like to know why they made a special marker of me? Was it a lesson for me to give the house a wide berth in future? I suppose their intention is to keep me a prisoner till dark and then let me go. I'll disappoint them by leaving beforehand."

At that moment Bob heard the voices of the men close by, and saw a light.

He had barely time to jump into the coal bin and crouch down when they came from behind it.

They paused within a couple of feet of him.

"We were foolish to capture that boy," said one. "He should never have got into the house."

"That was your fault, leaving the window unfastened," said the other.

"When we let him go, as we'll have to soon, he'll report what happened to him. That won't jibe well with the ghost business that frightened the other chaps away. It may lead to an investigation of the cellar."

"What if it does? It won't amount to anything. We'll remove that scarecrow that's hanging there for the present, and there will be nothing to show that there's anything out of the way down here."

"Yes, we'll take the thing down and carry it into the back room. I'll hold the light while you remove it."

Peeping over the half wall of the coal bin, Bob saw the effigy taken down.

He observed that the men carried it off behind the bin.

That gave him a line on where the back room was the man had mentioned.

In a few minutes they reappeared.

"You go upstairs and keep watch while I cook some supper for us," said the man who carried the light. "I'll call you down when it's ready."

"We ought to carry the boy into the woods and tie him there till we're ready to let him go."

"It's too soon. Somebody might see us carrying him. It will be dusk shortly and then we'll do it," said the other.

"But he's sure to be missed at home, and if those other boys tell their story we may expect a visit from two or three men looking for him."

"How are they going to get in the house?"

"They'll break in most likely."

"Suppose they do, they won't find him or us."

"They'll search the house from roof to cellar."

"They won't find him at that."

"They'll notice the closet and, finding it locked, they may break it open, and in that case they're bound to find him there."

"If they don't turn up for an hour we'll have him out of the house."

"As I said before, we were foolish to capture him. We should have got out of his way and let him and his friends go over the house. They'd have gone away as soon as they satisfied their curiosity, and that would have been the end of it. When Hinchman gets here to-night and hears about the boy, he'll raise thunder with us as sure as you're alive."

"What's the use of harping on the subject? All we can do now is to get out of the matter as easy as we can."

The men passed on to the stairs, ascended them and disappeared, leaving Bob in darkness once more.

When he heard the cellar door shut he came out of the bin.

"I wonder what these men are hanging around the place for?" Bob asked himself. "They seem to be up to something. The back room they mentioned is behind this bin. It must be where they hang out. I can't make my escape now with those chaps upstairs. I'll have to wait till they come down again. While I'm waiting I guess I'll take a peep at their den. They don't appear to be tramps from their appearance and talk, so it strikes me they have some special object in stopping at this house. Perhaps I can find it out. They may be planning to rob some of the houses in the neighborhood. At any rate, their presence here strikes me as suspicious."

Bob slipped over to the cellar stairs and listened.

He heard the man walking around in the kitchen, and the rattle of a pot or pan occasionally struck on his ear.

He returned to the bin, struck a match and walked around behind it.

Here he found a narrow passage between the bin and the stone foundation wall.

This passage had always been there, probably because the owner had objected to having the coal lie up against the wall.

At any rate, the four stock certificate counterfeiters had taken advantage of it as an approach to the cellar under the wing, and they had cut their door at the end of it, and thus, after carrying their paraphernalia into their den, were able to mask the regular door and wooden partition with earth to prevent intruders from seeking to pry further in that direction.

Not one person in a hundred who noticed there was a narrow passage behind the coal bin would have suspected there was a secret door there.

The passage was dark and cobwebby, and did not invite inspection.

Bob, knowing there was a door there, proceeded into the passage, and, flashing a match, saw a small knob on the wood-work.

Pushing on it, a tall door, the exact width of the passage, opened from him, and he saw, by the dim light of an Argand burner turned low and attached to the wall, the room beyond.

He entered.

Three heavy bolts, at equal distances apart, showed how the door was secured on the inside.

There was also a heavy piece of wood which, when placed in position, acted as a brace.

It would have required a heavy sledge-hammer to have battered the door in, and the wielder would have been unable to swing the implement owing to the narrowness of the passage.

The first thing that attracted Bob's attention was the printing press.

To get a better look at it and the other things the room contained, he turned the light up.

On a table lay a score of printed stock certificates spread out to dry.

It didn't take a bright boy like Bob long to understand what was going on.

"It's a counterfeiting plant," he said. "These men are printing certificates of the D. & G. road, which they intend to sell as genuine after the names of the chief officers of the company have been forged on them. This is a valuable discovery I've made. I ought to capture a good reward for exposing this crooked game. I must take two or three of the certificates away with me to be used as evidence."

He folded up two of the certificates, placing thin sheets of paper between them to prevent offsetting and smudging, and put them in his pocket.

He then made a note in his small memorandum book of all he saw in the room.

At one end he saw a braced door against the wall.

Removing the brace, he found that the men had torn down a small part of the foundation wall and had excavated a narrow passage through the earth, which they had roofed with old boards they got from a small outhouse to prevent the earth of the tunnel from falling in.

Curious to see where it led to, Bob crept into it and followed

it a distance of perhaps thirty-five feet, and there found him-senf in a dark hole.

"They have provided this back exit to use as a get-away route in case their den is in peril of discovery. This seems to be as far as they have got with it, or maybe it is as far as they intend running it," he thought.

He struck a match and examined the hole.

A short, home-made ladder stood against one side.

Bob mounted it, and by the aid of matchlight he saw that the opening was covered by boards.

These he easily pushed away, and through the rank grass which grew thickly about he saw the rapidly darkening sky.

He could easily make his escape from there.

He was about to crawl out when he recollects he had left the Argand burner full on in the counterfeiters' den.

He knew that fact would arouse their suspicion and alarm, especially when they found he had made his escape from the closet, and would probably cause them to take immediate steps to save themselves from discovery by temporarily removing their plant and hiding it somewhere in the neighborhood until they thought it safe to resume operations again.

He did not doubt but they could accomplish all this in a few hours, for men who undertake such grave risks always provide every possible safeguard they can think of.

As Bob knew it would be a feather in his cap to be the means of effecting the capture of the counterfeiters, he determined to return and turn down the light.

He could not replace the brace against the door, and that would look suspicious, so on his way back he decided that he had better not make his escape by way of the tunnel, but run his chance of leaving by some other way—a window, for instance.

When he reached the den he found everything as he had left it.

He quickly braced the door as he had found it, turned the light low and made his way back to the cellar proper.

CHAPTER X.

BOB MAKES HIS ESCAPE.

Bob ascended the steps to the cellar door and listened.

He heard no sounds in the kitchen and ventured to open the door softly to take a peep.

His gaze lighted on the stove.

There was a fire in it, and a pan, a kettle and a coffee-pot on it.

The oven door was half open, revealing the edges of two plates inside.

Bob opened the door further, for he saw no one in the room.

Finally he secured a full view of the interior of the kitchen and saw it had no occupant.

The man who acted as cook had probably gone upstairs to call his companion down to eat.

The boy noticed that the two windows were covered with some thick material to prevent the light of the lamp from being seen on the outside.

A door nearby stood ajar.

Bob slipped over to it and listened.

He thought he heard men's voices above.

He opened it wide and saw he was looking into the back entry where the rear staircase was.

It struck him that the side door he had observed on the outside was there, and he investigated.

He saw it was.

It was locked and bolted and the key was gone.

He could not get out that way, though he had no particular intention of making his exit there if he could.

He believed that the best way to get out was through a window.

He closed the door as it was left, crossed the entry to another door, and found it opened on the main hall.

From the hall he went into the dismantled front parlor and examined one of the windows.

Releasing the catch, he pushed it up, only to find that the shutters were nailed and immovable.

The other shutters were in the same condition.

There was no escape from that room.

The front door was locked and bolted and the key missing.

Entering the dining-room, he found the shutters there in the same state as those outside the parlor windows.

"That settles it," he thought, "I must escape by the window through which I entered the house; that has only a catch."

He returned to the passage in time to hear the men coming down the stairs.

Bob saw his chance.

He ran up by the front stairs and reached the room overlooking the kitchen roof.

In a twinkling he freed the catch, opened the window and let himself out.

Then he closed the window and dropped to the ground.

It was now almost dark, but before leaving the neighborhood he bethought himself of the boards he had disarranged over the hole at the end of the tunnel.

They ought to be replaced to avoid suspicion.

He went around the front of the house and crossed the dilapidated garden to the field.

Crawling back along the fence, after getting over it, he entered the tall grass close to where he believed the hole was.

In the darkness he had some trouble finding the spot he was in search of, but he came to it at last.

He replaced the boards carefully over the top of the hole, and then started diagonally across the field toward the road.

Bob wondered as he walked along why no effort had been made to find him.

"Hen certainly would have gone to the farm and reported my disappearance. He would have told my father that I went into the house, and that they followed me after a time and could find no trace of me. Then he would have mentioned the ghostly business in the cellar, and hinted that something must have happened to me. My father would have got out his baggy, hunted up a neighbor or two and came directly to the Garrett house. He'd have got in somehow and searched the place. Had he done this I would have known it. As far as I am aware, not a soul has been near the house since Ben and Hen left. It is mighty funny," thought the Wall Street boy.

It was now dark, and Bob decided upon a short cut across a tree-dotted meadow.

It would take him to the Foster farm, which adjoined his father's, and save him half a mile walk.

The meadow belonged to a crabbed old agriculturalist who had forbidden the boys in the neighborhood to cross it, but Bob didn't know that, and had he known it he would have crossed it just the same.

He got over the fence, but had taken only a few steps when his foot caught in a creeping vine and he fell on his face.

One of his hands struck a hard substance.

He arose with it in his grasp.

It proved to be a sort of thin club with a huge knot at the end.

Instead of casting it away, Bob carried it with him, swishing the bushes with it as he passed on.

As events proved, it was fortunate for him that the formidable weapon came into his possession.

The bright starlight showed objects plainly about him, and when he got to the middle of the meadow he saw something moving around a big tree.

Suddenly the object started toward him.

In a moment or two he saw it was a dog.

At that moment he heard cries for help from the tree.

The snarling sounds made by the dog showed Bob he was dangerous.

The animal had him cut off from the closest tree, so he gripped the club tight and awaited the attack.

The dog sprang at his leg.

With a sweeping blow Bob caught him on the head with the knot.

The dog fell with a howling snarl, but was getting on his feet when Bob struck him another clip.

He put considerable power behind the blow, and the dog was badly stunned.

The point of the knot had cut a bad gash across his jaw.

Seeing he was down and out for a while, Bob hurried to the tree whence the cries had come.

"Who's up there?" he asked.

"Me, Ben Foster, and Henry Bagley. We were treed by Sweeney's bulldog. We've been here two or three hours. Where is the dog now?" said Ben.

"He's out of business. Come down, both of you," said Bob. The two boys dropped to the ground.

"So it's you!" said Ben. "Have you just come from that house?"

"Yes."

"What happened to you there? We hunted for you and couldn't find a sign of you anywhere about the place."

"The ghosts got me," grinned Bob.

"There, I knew there were ghosts in the house," said Ben. "What did they do to you?"

"They locked me in a closet."

"Oh, come now," said Ben, incredulously. "Give it to us straight."

"Is this as near as you fellows have got to home since you left the house?" said Bob.

"Yes. That blamed dog was in this meadow and chased us to this tree. I'll bet Sweeney turned him in here to do up one of us chaps who live around here. He says he won't have us crossing his property," said Hen.

"I see. Now I understand why nobody came over to the house to rescue me."

By this time they had reached the fence and, getting over, were on the Foster farm.

"You must have knocked the dog out with that club you have," said Ben.

"I did."

"It's lucky for you and us you had it with you. That beast is a holy terror. When I tell my old man how close I came to being chawed up by him, he'll call on Sweeney and read him the riot act."

"Go on with your yarn about the ghosts," said Hen.

"That's all," said Bob, who had no intention of telling his friends of the discovery he had made. "They left me in the closet, locked in, and it took me all this time to make my escape."

"Didn't you see them again?"

"No."

"Nor hear them?"

"I heard them several times."

"Did you see the man hanging from the ceiling of the cellar?"

"Yes."

"Wasn't you scared?"

"Don't I look as if I'd lost a year's growth?"

"Oh, come now, Bob, you're guying us. Tell your story right," said Ben.

"I've told all I've got to tell. You chaps were in the house. What did you see or hear?"

Hen told him, and it was clear he believed the manifestations had been made by real ghosts, but Ben said he didn't believe they were.

Supper was over and everything cleared up when Bob entered the house.

"I haven't had a thing to eat since I've been away. Ain't you going to give me some supper, mother?" he asked.

"Why, where have you been?" asked his mother. "We supposed you were visiting some of your friends, and would eat your supper at one of the places."

"I was over to the haunted house with Ben Foster and Hen Bagley. The ghosts collared me and frightened Ben and Hen away. I just escaped."

"Tell us all about it," said one of his sisters.

"I've told you. That's all there is to it," said Bob.

"Did you really go over to the Garrett homestead?"

"As sure as you're sitting there."

"But you didn't see any ghosts?"

"I'll allow I didn't, but Ben and Hen swear they saw and heard them."

His sisters laughed and said that Ben and Hen were silly.

"Tell us what you did see," said Bessie Baker, "and we'll get you some supper."

"Trot along and I'll tell you while you're getting it."

He told them no more than he had let out to his friends, and they were convinced that a couple of tramps who were making use of the house had captured him and put him in the closet.

He told them to say nothing about it to his father, as he had a plan in view for catching the men.

When he went to his room he looked the counterfeit certificates over, and had to admit that they had a very genuine appearance.

"Yes, I ought to get a reward for showing this business up. This seems to be a lucky trip down here for me."

Then he went to bed, and next morning returned to the city by a train that landed him in Wall Street on time.

CHAPTER XI.

BOB HAS A RUN OF LUCK.

When Mr. Berkeley reached the office, Bob went in to see him.

"I've got something of great importance to tell you," he said, as he helped his employer to take off his coat and hung it in the closet.

"I'll listen to you," said the broker, seating himself at his desk.

"I went down to see my folks on the farm, and while there I made the discovery that there is a counterfeiting plant in a vacant house in the vicinity. There are four men in the game, and they are printing a fake issue of stock of the D. & G. road."

The broker looked at him in some astonishment.

"Are you sure of that, Bob?" he said.

"I have the proof with me. I secured two of the certificates they are turning out. Here they are. I intend to take them to the secretary of the company and tell him my story."

Mr. Berkeley looked at the two blank certificates and saw they had very recently been printed, for some of the impression had come off on the papers Bob had placed between them.

He sent Bob into the counting-room to get a genuine certificate from the big safe to make a comparison.

The counterfeit proved to be identical in every particular, though it might have shown some difference under a microscope.

Of course, it lacked the names of the officers and the name of the purchaser.

The former would have to be counterfeited and the latter written in.

What made the counterfeits really dangerous was that they bore the serial numbers of a new issue of D. & G. stock which had just been put on the market.

This fact would make their sale easier than otherwise.

"Tell me how you made this important discovery," said Mr. Berkeley.

Bob related all the facts connected with the case.

"Do you know where the office of the D. & G. road is?"

"On lower Broadway somewhere. I can find out exactly from the Railway Blue Book."

"Look the address up and run down there right away. In a case of this kind no time should be lost," said the broker.

Bob found the address of the secretary's office and started for it.

He asked for the gentleman by name, and was shown into his room.

He produced the counterfeit certificates and told his story.

The vice-president of the road had an office in the building, and the secretary took Bob in to see him.

He repeated his story to that gentleman.

Needless to say that his information was regarded as of the first importance.

A couple of detectives were sent for—private sleuths from a well-known agency, and Bob was detained till they arrived.

The case was put before them, Bob telling his story for the third time, and describing the secret cellar where the plant was with great accuracy, and indicating how it could be reached.

"You will have some trouble in forcing an entrance to the place, for the passage is very narrow and the door can be secured by three heavy bolts and a brace. The door will have to be battered down, and only one man can do that at a time. The door at the tunnel exit is also well braced, and the tunnel is low, and I should think very hard to do any battering in. The rascals will put up the best defense they can, and may be able to keep you at bay some time. You can call on the Islip police to help you. With force enough I guess you can make short work of the counterfeitors. I believe one of the men keeps watch on the approaches to the house from a window in the second story—probably a front window. You had better get to the house from the back and try to surprise them. In any case don't fail to keep watch at the place where the exit tunnel ends, otherwise the men may escape," said Bob.

A diagram was prepared, showing the house as it stood in relation to the road, and the best way to approach it from the rear.

Bob indicated where the barn and other outbuildings stood, and how the fence about the homestead ran.

He marked the position of the wing, which was on the eastern side of the house, and stated that the counterfeitors' den was under that.

He also put a mark where the exit hole was, covered with loose boards concealed in the grass.

A second diagram was made of the cellar, showing the stairs, coal bin, the earth wall, and the passage behind the bin; also the den continuation of the cellar.

"You say there is a wall of earth across here?" said one of the detectives.

"Yes," said Bob.

"That seems rather singular. I never heard of an earth partition in a cellar. It must be a blind, put up by the men themselves. By tearing it down we can reach the den, as you call it, easier than by the passage."

The other sleuth nodded.

Bob, having exhausted all his information, was allowed to go, with the promise that he would be suitably rewarded when the men and the plant had been captured.

Before returning to the office he went to the little bank and bought 280 shares of Atlas Short Line on margin at 60.

The detectives proceeded at once by train to Islip, and called on the police head of the village.

They obtained three officers and a wagon, and proceeded to the turn of the road where the Garrett homestead could be seen in the near distance.

The rig was tied to a tree, and the five officers started across the field and reached the house from the rear.

It is not part of this story to follow their subsequent movements.

We need only say that they took the counterfeitors by surprise, which they couldn't have done but for the information supplied by Bob, and captured them.

The New York morning papers contained the story and gave Bob full credit for the important part he had played in the matter.

It was from one of the papers that the young messenger learned that the gang had been successfully rounded up and their plant taken possession of by their captors.

It was a new sensation for him to see his name in print.

The first thing he did on reaching the office was to mail the paper to his father with the story marked.

The announcement that the new issue of D. & G. stock was being counterfeited, and that the rascals had been caught in the nick of time, proved something of a sensation for Wall Street.

The fact that a Wall Street messenger was responsible for the capture of the counterfeitors was interesting, too.

Bob's name was printed in full, with his address, and the fact was stated that he worked for Broker Berkeley.

The result was Berkeley was buttonholed fifty times that day by his acquaintances of the Street and congratulated on having such a smart boy in his employ.

Bob was also often held up by his friends and asked for additional particulars.

That afternoon he visited John Potter, the lawyer, and found, as he expected, he was the gentleman he met on the road from Islip fixing his car.

He returned him his pocketbook, and the lawyer was glad to get it back.

He thanked Bob and offered him the money that was in it, but the boy declined to take it.

Next day Wall Street had almost forgotten about the affair.

Bob was not forgotten by the railroad company, however.

The board of directors voted him a reward of \$1,000, to be paid immediately.

The check was sent to him enclosed in a complimentary letter from the president.

The boy cashed it and bought 100 shares of Atlas Short Line.

A week later the stock was up to 70.

Inside of the next ten days it went above 80.

Bob sold out at 82 and a fraction, and cleared \$8,300.

This, with the reward and his previous capital, made him worth \$12,000.

His folks at home held a high jinks on receipt of the news of his success.

It was too good to keep, and before long everybody in the neighborhood had learned that Bob Baker was making a fortune in Wall Street.

Ben and Hen were for shaking their farms and rushing off for the city, but after an interview with their fathers, they changed their minds.

Bob almost immediately got into another deal.

He learned that a clique of operators were buying up Idaho Copper, which was selling at \$6 a share.

He at once bought 2,000 shares outright through a Curb broker he knew, and received the certificates made out in his own name.

He felt pretty important when he looked at them, but he didn't expect to hold them long.

He, his sister and her husband spent Decoration Day on the farm, and Bob passed most of the time in the society of Ben and Hen.

They regarded him with a heap of respect on account of his financial standing.

And so did all his other friends of both sexes.

All the girls who did not have a beau set their caps for him, and some who had steady admirers made those admirers awfully jealous by showing great interest in the Wall Street lad.

Soon after he got back to work, Idaho Copper began going up, and it kept on up to \$20 a share.

Bob sold at \$18 and made \$24,000.

When Fourth of July came around, Bob went down to the farm again, feeling like a small Crœsus, for he was now worth \$36,000.

"I suppose you expect to die a millionaire," said his father.

"There's no fun in dying a millionaire, dad; the fun is in living as one," he said.

CHAPTER XII.

A BIG DEAL ON SMALL MONEY.

Bob concluded he had worked as a messenger long enough, but as summer was coming on and Wall Street was likely to be quiet, he decided to hold on to his job for a couple of months longer.

This he did, and during the interval he added \$4,000 to his pile through another deal which he worked in a couple of days.

After Labor Day had passed he told Mr. Berkeley that he was going to quit.

"What for, Bob? I don't like to lose you," said the broker.

"Oh, I have an idea I can do better than working for a boss."

"What scheme have you got in your head?"

Bob, however, wouldn't say what his scheme was, and Berkeley, supposing that the boy's father was going to back him in some business, said nothing more, and at the end of the week Bob severed his connection with the office.

Nellie Watson was very sorry to have him go.

"Don't worry, Nellie. I'm going to marry you some day if you'll have me, and then you'll see all you want to of me," he said.

"You're too young to talk about getting married, Bob," said she, with a blush.

"I won't be too young in a couple of years from now. I'll be twenty-one, then, and you'll be—two years older than you are now. I'll keep a watch on you and see that you don't get away from me."

"Well, if I don't meet somebody I like better than you, who pops the question, I'll marry you to avoid being an old maid; that is, of course, if you don't change your mind and take up with some other girl."

"All right. That's a bargain."

"You say you are going into business for yourself? What kind of business is it?"

"Speculation."

"In what?"

"Stocks."

"You don't mean that, do you?"

"Sure I do."

"I think that is foolish. You are bound to lose whatever money you've got."

"All right. We'll see if I do. If I told you how much I'd made at it already while working in this office you'd open your eyes."

"I don't see how you can have made much."

"That's because you don't know how lucky I am."

"If you have been lucky that is no sign that your luck will stay by you."

"I'm banking on it that it does. That's all till I meet you again."

Bob hung around the little bank for a couple of weeks without doing anything that turned him in a dollar.

Then he met an old man there whom he recognized as an old habitue.

This man had once been prosperous, but speculation in the market had done him up, and now he wasn't worth anything to speak of.

Like many of his kind, he was enthusiastic about what he could do if he had the necessary funds.

One day he asked Bob how much money he had to speculate with.

The boy declined to answer the question.

"The reason I asked was because I can put you on to a good thing," said the old man; "but it's worth a rake-off. If you can raise \$1,000, and will promise me ten per cent. of what you win, I'll let you in on it."

"I can find \$1,000 all right," replied Bob. "What's the good thing?"

"Will you give me ten per cent. of what you win on the tip? I need the money badly."

"I will if I go into the deal; but I won't go in unless I have some assurance that it is likely to be a winner."

"I have an old friend who went West years ago. I have

heard from him only at intervals, for he's a prospector and goes off on long trips. Lately he's been looking into some of the dead and abandoned mines around Paradise, Nevada. One of these mines is called the Silver King. When the man who discovered a lode of ore on the property had formed a company to boom it, the prospects of the mine were so good that the shares went off like hot cakes at ten cents, and later at fifteen. The company got down to business, and with such good results that the price advanced to 25 cents, and finally rose as high as \$1. Then the ore suddenly petered out and the mine went to the dogs. The price of the stock fell rapidly to a nickel, then to two cents, and finally you couldn't give it away. Then the mine was abandoned, and it's been a dead one ever since."

"Well?" said Bob, as the old man paused.

"My friend, whose name is Maverick, looked this property over among others. He wasn't over-sanguine about making any discovery, for discoveries in dead mines are not often reported. When they are made they are kept quiet until the lucky man gets together enough money to buy up at least a controlling amount of the stock."

"Yes," said Bob, wondering what was coming.

"Maverick looked the Silver King over, as I said, and here is the result."

The old man handed Bob a letter.

The boy read the following:

"DEAR OLD SPORT: This is to inform you that I have struck luck—not ordinary luck, but luck in huge chunks. I wrote you a while ago that I was hanging around Paradise inspecting the busted prospects in that locality more for the fun of the thing than because I expected to make a find. But I did make a find, in the Silver King mine. That mine started out with a reputation second to none, and just when everybody was predicting it was going to turn out a second Jumbo, it blew up, meaning the lead gave out, and no amount of tapping would relocate it or a new vein. It became a busted proposition, like a lot of others that never amounted to anything at any time. Now, old sport, I've found that missing lode, and I'm going to make my fortune out of it. I'm keeping the discovery quiet, of course, so that I can buy up all the shares of the company that's lying around loose out this way. I got 10,000 of them yesterday from one chap for a \$20 bill. That's less than a quarter of a cent a share, and their par value is \$10 a share. I got 1,000 this morning from another chap for a dollar. That's a tenth of a cent a share. So far I've corralled 90,000 shares at an outlay of about \$500, and I expect to get as much more in the course of another week. Now, pard, the two men who own a third interest in the mine have gone East, and I've heard they are in business as promoters and sales agents for several prospects hereabouts which are still listed on the exchanges. Their names are John Bumsted and Hank Peters, and their office is somewhere on Grand street. They tried to sell their third of the mine before they lit out for \$1,000, but were laughed at. Now, old man, if you can raise \$1,000, or maybe it won't take so much, just hike to Grand street and buy those chaps' interest in Silver King, and you won't regret it. They own 100,000 shares. At a cent a share it will turn you in a mighty big profit in a few months. Why, the moment the news gets out the people who still have the stock lying around their house will demand at least five cents a share for it, and perhaps ten, and it will be worth more than double whatever they ask. A thousand dollars isn't much unless a fellow hasn't got it and don't know how to raise it, then it's as big as a mountain. I opine you must have it or a part of it, and can borrow the balance, and so I tip you off to the best thing you ever ran up against in your life. It's a sure winner, I'll guarantee that, and you never knew me to put you on a wrong scent. Get that stock, hold on to it, and you'll make a fortune if you live long enough. Let me know right away if you've got it, for by the time I hear from you I'll have most of the stock out here, and then I won't care how soon the news comes out. Yours as ever,

"JACK HAVERLEY."

"Ain't that a gilt-edged tip?" said the old man, when Bob had finished. "And to think I can't make use of it. There's a fortune for \$1,000, and I haven't \$100. It's the chance of my life, and I can't avail myself of it. The only chance I have is to sell it to you for ten per cent. of whatever you make out of it."

"Well, I'll risk \$1,000 on it, for it looks as if there was something in it," said Bob.

"Something in it! You'll make \$10 for every one you put up," said the old man with energy.

"There's nothing doing in the market this morning. Let's see if we can find the office of Bumsted & Peters, on Grand street," said Bob.

Walking up Nassau street they passed a shop that had a business directory on a stand outside for the benefit of the general public.

Consulting it, they found, under the heading "Mining Agents," the firm of Peters & Bumsted, No. — Grand street.

They walked up there, as the morning was pleasant.

A shabby-looking, three-story building bore the number, and the three windows on the second floor were painted in gilt, "Peters & Bumsted, Mining Agents. Western Mining Stocks for Sale for Cash or by Instalments."

At the door was a sign of the firm.

They walked up and entered by a door lettered like the windows.

A young clerk came to the counter.

"What stocks have you for sale?" asked Bob.

The clerk named over a number.

"Is that all you have?"

"We have a lot more," said the clerk, who then brought a printed list, and a copy of the preceding day's market report of the prices that were ruling in Goldfield.

"Have you got any Silver King?"

"It's not on our list. I've heard of it. Where is the mine?"

"In Paradise. Ask one of your bosses if he knows where I can get some."

"I'll ask Mr. Peters. Wait a minute," said the clerk, who then disappeared through a door.

He came back presently with a man who wore a mustache and a scrubby chin beard.

"I understand you are looking for Silver King mining shares?" he said, looking Bob over curiously.

"Yes, sir."

"What do you want with them?"

"I heard that Silver King was a busted mine, and as I am making a collection of old, worthless certificates on the chance that some day several of them might turn out to be worth something, I wrote to a broker in Goldfield, and he sent me word that the firm of Peters & Bumsted, on Grand street, New York, had a big block of the stock which they had once offered for \$1,000. He advised me, however, that the shares were not worth anything. What will you sell me the shares for if you have them?" asked Bob.

"Come into the office and I'll talk with you," said the man. "My name is Peters."

Bob went in, leaving his companion at the counter.

"We have 100,000 shares of Silver King, the par value of which is \$1,000,000," said Peters, impressively. "It is true the mine is out of business at present, but it is likely to come to life any time, and for that reason we could not treat it as a valueless proposition. If you want 1,000 shares I'll sell them to you for \$25."

"That is two and a half cents a share," said the boy.

"Exactly. They're worth it."

"I wouldn't give it."

"What will you pay, then?"

"I'll give you a cent a share for all you've got."

"Have you got \$1,000 with you?"

"I have."

"Hand it over and the stock is yours," said Peters, eagerly. Bob produced the money.

"Give me a bill of sale which will answer for a receipt."

Peters counted the money, then wrote out the bill of sale, and got a package out of a closet.

Bob looked the contents over and found that it represented 100,000 shares, all made out in the names of Hank Peters and John Bumsted.

The bill of sale was an absolute legal conveyance of the stock to the boy purchaser, and all he had to do was to hold the certificates.

He couldn't get the certificates transferred on the books of the company, and new certificates issued to him, as the company was not doing business any more.

The books and other property of the company were in the possession of the secretary, out in Paradise, but were stored somewhere as useless lumber, which, however, could not be wilfully destroyed.

With the package under his arm, Bob and his companion, whose name we forgot to mention, was Thomas Benton, took their way back to Wall Street.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONCLUSION.

They returned to the little bank, and after staying there half an hour, Bob took the old man to lunch.

"Write to your friend Haverley and tell him you've got the

stock from Peters & Bumsted," said Bob. "You can tell him that you had to call on a friend to advance most of the money to get it, and that he is holding the shares."

"I will," said Benton.

"This is a pretty big deal," said Bob, "although it hasn't cost me much to get in on it. If it pans out in good shape I'll see that you get your ten per cent. of whatever profit I may make on it in any shape or form. To make the matter sure, I'll put our agreement in writing."

This Bob did, and handed Benton the paper.

"Have you got any more money, or can you raise any?" said the old man.

"Yes," said Bob; "why?"

"As soon as the Silver King comes to the front it would be an advantage to the mine for it to have an office in Wall Street. The company will be reorganized and Haverley will have himself elected president and general manager. I will write him to put you in as vice-president and manager of the New York office. I will be satisfied to be a director."

"That will be a good idea," said Bob. "I've been thinking of renting an office as a sort of headquarters for myself. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll form a sort of provisional partnership—you and I. I'll be the financial backer, and you can furnish the general advice. In this way, if we do well, you may get on your feet. We will put up a bluff as brokers and mining agents. How does that strike you?"

"First rate. When will we start?"

"Right away. We'll look for an office at once."

Half an hour later they had found an office, and hired it.

Next day Bob bought the furniture—a desk for himself and another for Benton. A rug, a safe and other necessary articles.

A painter put the following sign on the door:

BAKER & BENTON, STOCKS AND BONDS
Western Mining Shares a Specialty

Ticker service was installed, and then they were ready for business.

Bob sent a bunch of his business cards home, and also mailed one to each of his friends.

He also put a standing advertisement in several of the financial newspapers.

At the end of a week Benton got a reply from Haverley.

He said he was glad to learn that Benton had found somebody to buy the stock in partnership with him as long as he couldn't buy it himself.

He said he would have Robert Baker and Benton elected directors of the reorganized Silver King company, and make Baker vice-president and New York manager.

As the new company would be organized that week, the name could be put on the door of the New York office right away.

As soon as things were in shape the news would be given out about the discovery of the lode, and that would boom the Silver King into notice again.

On the strength of this letter Bob called a painter and had him put the name of the Silver King Mining Co., of Paradise, Nevada, on the door.

It gave the office an important look, even if there was no money in it for the present.

Two weeks more went by and the firm of Baker & Benton had not made a cent.

The partners, however, had a comfortable place to sit during office hours, and watch the course of the market as the quotations came out on the ticker.

Bob's friends came up to see him, and congratulated him on being in business.

Will Eastman was his most frequent visitor, finding time to drop in most every day.

One morning a broker dropped in and asked for one of the partners.

"I am Mr. Baker," said Bob, who happened to be alone.

"I notice you have the name of the Silver King mine on your door. When did that company spring up again?"

"It has just been reorganized, though the fact has not been generally circulated. We are the agents for the new company."

"I suppose you intend to promote the sale of a new issue of the stock?" said the broker.

"I couldn't tell you anything about that. If we are asked to put any new shares on the market we shall advertise the fact."

"I don't see how you are going to sell the stock of a dead mine."

"Why do you call it a dead mine?"

"Because it went up the spout two years ago."

"How do you know but the new company will be able to find paying ore?"

"Not one chance in a thousand. That mine has been proven a fizzle."

"I will bet it isn't a fizzle."

"If you will put up \$1,000 I'll match it."

"You will bet that the mine is a dead one, eh?"

"Yes."

"I'll bet you \$10,000 that it isn't, and I'll put the money up in half an hour."

The broker was taken aback.

"Has any discovery been made in the mine since the new company has been formed?" he asked.

"That isn't the question. Do you want to bet with me?"

The visitor concluded that he didn't want to bet.

He went away and circulated the news that the Silver King Mining Co. had been reorganized, and had agents in Wall Street to promote its interests in the East.

A few days later the news of the reorganization of the Silver King Mining Co. was printed in several of the Western mining papers, and those who held stock in the old company began to wonder if their shares would eventually be worth anything.

Some 400,000 shares of the stock had been issued by the original company.

All had been sold at sums varying from 10 cents to 20 cents, mostly the former, except 100,000 shares, which were retained by Hank Peters and John Bumsted, the owners of the property and the promoters of the company.

They had transferred title to the property to the company for the 100,000 shares of stock.

Peters was elected president and Bumsted treasurer.

The money received for the 300,000 shares was partly used for working the mine, and partly appropriated to their own use by Peters & Bumsted when they discovered that the mine wasn't panning out according to their expectations.

After trying in vain to sell out, the two men came on to New York.

At the time of the reorganization of the new company, Ha- verley had bought in 200,000 shares at a song, Bob Baker had acquired the 100,000 from Peters & Bumsted, as we have seen, and 100,000 shares were still scattered about the West.

One month after Bob went into his big stock deal the news of the discovery of a rich lode in the Silver King mine was published in the mining papers, and the fact fully substantiated by experts.

The mining world was surprised by the intelligence, for the Silver King was regarded as a dead issue, and dead things don't often come to life.

The news did not create much of a ripple in Wall Street among Curb brokers, for the stock had never been dealt in by them.

It was different out West.

Application was immediately made to the Goldfield Stock Exchange for the relisting of the stock, and as the reports from the mine showed that there really was something solid about it this time, it was put on the list, and business done in it right away at ten cents a share.

The new company, however, had no money to commence work on the mine with, so it was decided to issue 100,000 shares, half of which was to be sent to Baker & Benton, to be sold at the market price if they could get it, but to sell it any way.

On the day following the news of the discovery of the lode, two disgusted and angry men were looking for Bob Baker.

As the reader may surmise, these men were Peters and Bumsted.

They found Bob's name in the city directory, and they went to the flat where he lived and inquired for him.

"He is down at his office in Wall Street," replied Bob's sister.

"Has he an office in Wall Street?" said Peters, apparently surprised by the information.

"Yes. I have some of his business cards in the house. I will hand you one."

The men went away with the card.

"That boy lied to me," said Peters. "He knew all the time that ore had been found in the mine, and he got the stock for a song from us by his innocent ways. We will go down and see him and demand that he return that stock on the ground that he obtained it under false pretenses."

"We can't force him to give it up. You gave him a bill of sale."

"We'll threaten to sue him, anyway."

Bob and Will was talking together when Peters and Bumsted came into the office without knocking.

Bob had been expecting to hear from Peters, whom he rec-

ognized, as soon as that individual heard about the discovery in the Silver King mine.

He looked for trouble, and he guessed he could handle his visitors.

"Go outside the door and wait, Will," he said. "If you should hear a racket, come in and help me."

So Will went outside and stationed himself at the door.

"My name is Peters," said that individual, aggressively.

"I recognize you."

"And this is my partner, Bumsted."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Bumsted," said Bob, politely, whereat Bumsted frowned.

"We have come to talk with you about that Silver King stock you bought of me a month ago," said Peters.

"What about it?"

"You got it from me under false pretenses."

"How?"

"You bought it as dead stock."

"Well, wasn't it?"

"No, it wasn't."

"Why did you sell it to me as dead, then?"

"You wouldn't have purchased such a big block of dead stock if you didn't know there was something behind it."

"Admitting the fact, that proves I was smart, doesn't it?"

"Smart be hanged! We have come for satisfaction."

"Oh, you have?"

"Yes, we have."

"What satisfaction do you want?"

"If you will pay us \$9,000 more we will call it square."

"Do you take me for a chump?"

"We will sue you for it."

"Go on and sue."

"You refuse to compromise the matter?"

"Certainly I do. I hold a valid bill of sale from you, and the stock is mine. If you sold a gold dollar for a nickel, that's your own lookout."

With a cry of rage Peters made a snatch at a package of mining stock he saw on Bob's desk.

The boy was too quick for him and got it first.

Then Peters seized Bob as he rose up, and a struggle began between them.

Bob's chair was upset and the noise attracted Will's attention, and he opened the door and looked in.

"Quick, Will, catch it!" cried the struggling Bob, freeing his hand, which held the packet and tossing the stock toward his friend as he rushed into the room.

The other man uttered an imprecation and tried to intercept it.

Will shoved the stock in his pocket and ran out of the room with Bumsted after him.

Bob with his free hand punched Peters in the face, and made him let go his grip.

Then he ordered the man out of his office.

Peters refused to go.

At that moment Benton came in.

"Telephone for a policeman to take this man to the station-house," said Bob.

As Benton started to do it, Peters gave in and said he would go, and he did.

That was the last Bob ever saw of him or his partner.

Three months later Baker & Benton disposed of the last share of the 50,000 allotment at ten cents a share.

In another three months Silver King was selling for 25 cents in Goldfield and other Western exchanges, as well as on the Broad Street Curb and over in Jersey City.

A year from the time Bob went into his big deal, Silver King was up to 60 cents a share, and the stock he had bought for \$1,000 was worth \$60,000 to him, of which the old man was entitled to ten per cent., or \$6,000.

Bob, however, intended to do better by him.

He agreed to give him a quarter interest in the stock.

Eventually they both sold out for 75 cents, and Benton put his share into the business, and felt that he was now provided for in his old age.

Our story properly ends with Bob's Big Deal, and as we have no space to continue Bob's subsequent business career, we will draw the curtain on him as he is counting the money he made from his Wall Street tip that won.

Next week's issue will contain "PRINCE, THE PRINTER; OR, THE LITTLE SHOP THAT WAS MADE TO PAY."

SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE.

CURRENT NEWS

The hired girl problem approached one step nearer solution in the announcement that the Friday Morning Club, the largest woman's organization in Los Angeles, would establish a home club for domestics. This home club, which is to be established in one of the most fashionable residence districts, is to be a little like a woman's club, but more like a man's. There will be opportunities for culture, of course, but there will be also places to eat, and, more important still, parlors to entertain in. Hired girls, therefore, when they join the club, need not be compelled to entertain their "steadies" in the kitchen.

From Chita, in Transbaikalia (Eastern Siberia) now comes the report that rich gold fields have been discovered on the Kamchatka Peninsula. The lodes are said to be covered only by thin layers of earth. Owing to the fact that in this locality the ground is always frozen and that wood is very scarce, the working of the veins will probably be very expensive. However, an expedition well supplied with capital will soon set out by steamer from Vladivostock, the Russian port of the Japan sea, for scientific investigation and, if possible, exploitation of the newly discovered fields.

Bee comb or beeswax, the material of which the honey cells in the beehive are composed, is a wax produced by a system of chemistry carried on in the "wax pockets" which are located in the abdomen of all working bees. It is a peculiar substance and is said to be analogous to the fats of higher animals. Originally it was supposed that this wax was taken up in an almost pure state from the flowers by the bees, but experiments carried on by the leading botanists and chemists of the world conclusively prove that the bee is capable of elaborating his peculiar wax, although confined to a diet purely saccharin in its nature.

Results of a scientific investigation of the capacity of birds to destroy insects were announced recently at the University of Wisconsin by A. R. Cahn, assistant in the zoological laboratory. A Virginia wren, weighing half a pound, showed a remarkable ability for devouring pests. In one day the bird ate 144 small insects, 13 grasshoppers, 12 meal worms, 3 water bugs, 1 water scorpion 3 inches long, 2 sun fish $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, 1 stickleback $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, 1 caterpillar and 15 flies. The second day it ate 5 live hornets, 1 crawfish 2 inches long, 1 frog $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and 1 grass snake 8 inches long. The snake caused the bird some worry. But after the bird had tried eight times to swallow the snake alive it finally killed the reptile and gulped it down. In the two days the bird ate more than its own weight.

An attempt will be made shortly at Indian Head to recover four twelve-inch shells after they have been fired a distance of four or five miles. The purpose is to determine in what condition the shells leave the gun. They are

of the Isham type, constructed to carry a high explosive material within compartments which, it is feared, will weaken the shells and thus make them break up before they leave the gun. The naval authorities have not yet been convinced that it is safe to fill the Isham projectiles with high explosives, and until this can be done this style of projectile will be of no value, as the theory upon which it is built is that a greater damage will be done by explosions on the outside of armor than by piercing it as the projectiles now in use do. It will be difficult, if it is possible, to recover these twelve-inch shells after they have been discharged from the gun. It is proposed to fire them from Indian Head to Stump Neck, a distance of about five miles. A soft target will be constructed so as to prevent any damage to the projectiles after they leave the gun.

A case now before one of the courts of Paris reveals a real life story that might have interested Dickens. Four years ago a millionaire from the Argentine settled in Paris, where he took a house. Being evidently distrustful of the City of Light he engaged an ex-policeman to act as night watchman at a salary of 200 francs a month. The duties of this watchman were of a somewhat singular nature. Every night, except when the millionaire was entertaining, he had to come on duty at 9 o'clock, take up his position in an armchair in the drawing room with a loaded revolver in his right hand and not budge until relieved at 8 in the morning. The matter has come before the courts because that watchman avers that some 1,800 francs is due to him. The millionaire, on the other hand, maintains that he paid the honorarium nightly.

Fifty years ago Edward Mulry, a mechanic, 5 years old, was running barefooted through the dining-room of his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., his mother after him with a broomstick. The boy had refused to put his shoes and stockings on. That's why his mother was chasing him. After that day young Mulry never went barefooted again. Under the dining-room table, where he had ducked to escape the broomstick, one of his naked feet had picked up a needle from the carpet. In the Eastern District Hospital recently the same needle was cut out of his right leg. For fifty years it had been "looping the loop" through Mulry's body. From year to year he would feel the location of the needle. At different times he experienced a pricking sensation in his shoulders, arms, legs and back. Finally, he decided the next time he felt the stinging pain he would consult a physician. The needle "came to life" again, so he had it removed. It was found to be corroded, and a physician expressed the belief that if it had not been removed it might have eventually caused Mulry's death. Mulry was glad he had submitted to the operation and walked to his home, No. 328 Broadway, Brooklyn, after it had been performed.

AN IRISH ROBINHOOD.

OR,

THE HEROES OF THE BRIDGE

By GASTON GARNE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER VI (continued).

"And you will not disgrace it, either, my brave boy," cried the giant. "If you should fall, I swear to you that I will defend the lady with my life."

"He will not fall," cried Una, in fearless tones. "St. Ruth, you will regret your conduct when it is too late. Charles De Courcey is the soul of honor. I fled with him as my guide to escape a fate that is worse than death."

"Your noble father has requested me to place you in safe keeping, silly damsel," said St. Ruth, "and I will do so. Have at you, insolent robber, and—"

The clash of swords drowned the rest of the speech, as young De Courcey spurred on the Frenchman with great fury.

"May heaven fight with the right," cried the young girl, as she clasped her hands and watched the fierce encounter.

"Hurrah for De Courcey!" yelled the giant, flourishing his battle-ax. "The very flower of French chivalry gives way before him. Keep at it, brave soul."

St. Ruth was giving way before the young soldier at the moment, but the gallant Frenchman soon rallied and pressed on his opponent in turn, crying:

"I was but playing with the churl to test his merits. Now I will drive him to the ditch and disarm him. I cannot forget his assistance to-night."

"Forget it and do your worst, St. Ruth," cried the other, as he regained the lost ground by a splendid display of skill, and drove St. Ruth back again.

Fingal felt the Dane tugging at the strap at the moment, and he struck him a blow on the head, as he cried:

"Be quiet there, you Turk, or I'll batter your brains out. Ha! by the sword of the Great Brian, but they are both as valiant and active knights as ever drew sword for love or country!"

The two combatants were keeping up the struggle with intense fury, to the great astonishment of the French horsemen, who regarded their leader as the best warrior in the French army.

Nearly all present witnessed the fight with eager interest, but it was not likely that any one could be more impressed than Una Fitzgerald, who could scarcely breathe with the intensity of her emotions.

Three of the observers, however, were more engaged in another affair.

During the excitement of the struggle, and while their

voices were drowned by the clashing of the swords, the three Danish prisoners exchanged words of meaning and advice, speaking in their own language.

"Can you free your arms, brothers?" asked Otto, leading in the conversation.

"I am trying," answered one.

"I will soon succeed," replied the other. "How fares it with you?"

"I have but to break the girth that secures me to this wild boar, and then I may be free," answered Otto. "Then I will seize his ax and cleave him, rush to free you, and we will into the woods to the left."

"Proceed, brave brother."

And Otto did proceed with the hazardous undertaking, while the giant's eyes and ears were directed to the combatants.

Fingal soon found the Dane tugging at the strap, and then it was that he gave him the gentle reminder.

Otto was as cunning a North man as ever sailed to the western seas, but he did not have much of a fool to deal with in that rough Irish giant.

Having his suspicions once aroused, Fingal did not betray any anxiety, but he kept one eye fixed on the struggle, while the other was turned on the Dane, as he muttered:

"This red wolf of the North is up to mischief, I can see. Wait till he commences in earnest, and then we will have fun."

Then Fingal addressed some words in Irish to his brother outlaws.

In the meantime the struggle went on, with varying fortunes.

De Courcey at first fought with all the fury of an injured and an insulted man, and he bore himself so gallantly that St. Ruth was compelled to act on the defensive.

As the combat progressed, however, the young Irish soldier realized that he must husband his strength and put forth all his skill in order to vanquish the accomplished soldier engaged with him.

Thus it was—and in order to regain his breath—that De Courcey allowed his adversary to take the offensive, while he directed his efforts to parrying the blows aimed at him.

It then became evident to all the acute observers that the two swordsmen were so evenly matched in this struggle that chance or accident alone would decide the issue.

That surmise was soon verified.

While the young Irish soldier was again pressing on

St. Ruth, the Frenchman's horse stumbled at the moment, and the rider swerved in the saddle, receiving a blow on the wrist at the same time.

The blow numbed the hand of St. Ruth for the while, and while he did not release his grasp on the sword, he was powerless to raise the weapon in order to parry another cut made at him by De Courcey.

The sword struck St. Ruth across the breast with great force and hurled him down with his horse, the weapon falling from his grasp as he struck the ground.

De Courcey was about to spring from his horse to renew the combat on foot, when the giant sent forth a wild yell of pain and rage, and cried:

"Strike down the murdering Turk, or he will escape to the wood. The furies take me if they are not all off."

Otto had made his effort for liberty, and he had struck the giant from his horse with his own battle-ax.

The other two prisoners burst away from the outlaws almost at the same moment, and they were all three dashing into the wood when De Courcey unhorsed his adversary.

The two Irish outlaws were the first to dash in after the Danes, but Fingal was soon up again, and he rushed in after his friends with a wild yell of rage that could have been heard for a long distance down the river.

De Courcey saw that St. Ruth was unable to extricate himself from the fallen horse, and he cried to the Frenchmen:

"Assist your general, as he has suffered defeat."

Then the young man wheeled back to Una, and whispered to her:

"Away with me, my dear one. I must assist the giant in punishing those rascals."

"Seize them, seize them!" yelled St. Ruth, as he saw the pair dashing into the wood on horseback. "Soldiers of France, I command you to seize the traitors."

Several of the French horsemen then rode in after the lovers.

Otto was the only one of the Danes who had secured a weapon, and he kept behind his brothers as he yelled to them in their own language:

"Keep on at full speed and I will guard your retreat, brothers."

Although the infuriated Irish giant was on foot, he soon outdistanced the others in the pursuit, and he was on Otto with his sword, as he yelled:

"Turn and fight, you Northern dog, or I will strike you in the back."

The big Dane did turn on the instant, and aimed a blow at Fingal with the battle-ax, striking him on the helmet and bringing him to his knees.

Up went the huge ax again, and Fingal tried to parry the blow.

At that moment young De Courcey rode to the rescue, struck the ax from the Dane's hand, and bore him to the ground, as he yelled:

"Down with the foreign robber! Secure your ax, good Fingal."

The giant grasped his ax, and upraised it to strike the fallen Dane, who was still stretched on the ground.

The other Irish outlaws were off in pursuit of the un-

armed prisoner, while De Courcey had turned on the Frenchmen had pursued him by St. Ruth's orders.

The young girl was close behind her lover in the melee, and she pulled up when De Courcey turned.

Fingal stared down at the Dane for a moment or so, and then lowered the battle-ax, as he roared out:

"This hound is secured, thanks to you, brave De Courcey. Take the others again, my brave lads."

One of the Frenchmen then addressed De Courcey, saying:

"We have orders to secure you, sir, and we must obey them."

"Gentlemen," answered De Courcey, "I do not seek to come to blows with you, but I will defend my life and liberty, and so stand back at your peril."

And the young Irish soldier raised his sword in defiance.

"Touch him not, or I will be the death of more than one of you," cried Fingal, as he brandished his huge battle-ax, still keeping an eye on the prostrate Dane, who appeared to be dead.

The Frenchmen hesitated to force the encounter, and one of them said:

"We care not to battle with those who have served us so well to-night, and who are our allies as well. Could not this affair be arranged in a peaceful manner? If you will accompany us to Athlone with the lady, sir—"

"St. Ruth has not the right to interfere in my private affairs," cried De Courcey, "and I will not obey his orders. I serve under General Sarsfield, and—"

"Who speaks of Sarsfield here?" cried a deep-toned voice, as a gallant-looking officer dashed in on the scene, followed by several armed men on horseback.

"By the great gun of Athlone, but 'tis the noble Sarsfield himself," cried Fingal, in joyous tones. "Now we'll have fair play and no mistake. Long life to you, general."

De Courcey sprung from the horse and saluted the famous Irish chief with great fervor, as he exclaimed:

"General Sarsfield, I claim protection and justice at your hands."

"And you shall have both if I have the power, brave De Courcey," promptly answered the famous Irish soldier. "Who would assail you, and under what plea?"

The young soldier advanced and spoke to his chief in low tones; and when he had concluded, Sarsfield spoke aloud, saying:

"Mount and ride with me, De Courcey, and let the lady accompany you. Gentlemen of France, you will please inform General St. Ruth that I will be responsible for my soldier, and that we will soon meet in Athlone. Good-night to you."

"You will go with us, Fingal?" said the young soldier, turning to the giant.

"Of course I will, as I think this wicked rogue is out of harm's way. I'll just recall the others, secure the horse, and then ride on after you."

The other two Danes managed to escape, and Fingal turned away to seek his horse, believing that Otto was dead.

When the prostrate Dane was left alone he raised his head and looked carefully around.

(To be continued.)

FACTS WORTH READING

NEW YORK'S GREAT CHANNEL.

Army engineers have reported that the deepening and widening of Ambrose channel leading into New York harbor is finished, except for a few minor details, and no further appropriations for construction will be needed. This great artificial channel is seven miles long, 2,000 feet wide and forty feet deep at mean low tide. At night it is so brilliantly lighted by buoys that the largest ocean steamers can enter with perfect safety. The work was begun in 1901.

CATCHING A COBRA.

A driver on the Avontuur railway, South Africa, while staying at the Gamtoos caught a large cobra de capello alive. The cool way in which he did the trick, says a local paper, sent a cold shiver through every one who saw it. He simply caught hold of the point of its tail, gave it a sudden jerk toward him and caught the dangerous reptile by the back of the head. He then placed it in a biscuit tin. The snake was three inches in diameter and about four feet long.

SEED CROP WORTH \$15,000.

A yield of from 2,500 to 3,000 bushels of alfalfa seed, worth \$12,500 to \$15,000, from one Kansas farm in only a year, besides several hundred tons of choice alfalfa hay, is the return from the C. M. Gregory farm, Cottonwood Falls, Kan., this season.

Several years ago, when the alfalfa farmers of this district raised a bumper seed crop, Gregory, who owns one of the richest farms in the Cottonwood Valley, decided to put all of his land into alfalfa. From year to year he has been seeding his bottom land until last spring he had upward of 350 acres and all of it an excellent stand.

In May began the harvest of the first hay crop, which yielded a ton to the acre, or about 350 tons. Then came the time he had been waiting for—an ideal seed year—and he guessed right by saving every acre of the second cutting for seed. The rains came just right to give the crop a good start, then it turned dry and stayed so.

Instead of growing up rank and heavy the alfalfa all over the big farm seemed to be light and stunted, but such are the signs of a bumper seed crop. A little later the fields bloomed luxuriantly and then heavily filled seed pods appeared on every plant and a few weeks longer and the seed was ripe.

RECOVERED 688 STOLEN HORSES.

The Oklahoma Anti-Horse Thief Association, which has just closed its annual State convention at Blackwell, has during the past thirteen years of its existence recovered 688 stolen horses, with a total value of \$78,200. This is in accordance with the report made by James H. Kirkwood of Guthrie, who has been president of the association almost all the time since its organization in this State.

Kirkwood announced that other property recovered by the association reached the total of \$119,568. The number of horses stolen from members of the organization during the thirteen years has been 410, and 337 of these were recovered, and in addition 351 horses were returned to owners who were not members.

During the same period, Mr. Kirkwood said, the number of horse thieves captured has reached 378, of whom 241 were sent to the penitentiary to serve sentences and 112 to jails. Kirkwood personally has recovered during that time sixteen head of horses and sixty-eight head of cattle. He caused the arrest of twelve men and was instrumental in sending nine of them to the penitentiary.

Missouri and Oklahoma are now on an equal footing as to the number of horses stolen, according to the president's report, the ratio in both States being four horses stolen in each one thousand. Before the anti-horse thief association was organized the theft of horses was a very common occurrence, but the number of stolen animals now grows less year by year. Pennsylvania has the lowest record of any State in the Union, with only one horse stolen in every fifteen hundred.

A GIANT TUNNEL.

The gigantic tunnel under the East River from Astoria to East 132d street, The Bronx, that will be used for the purpose of carrying through it gas manufactured at Astoria in the big plant of the Consolidated Gas Company of New York was finished recently. The installation of apparatus to carry the gas will be done with all possible speed, and by next year it is expected that the tunnel will be in use.

The tunnel extends in a line almost directly north and south. It was bored through almost solid rock, and only until it was nearly completed was it necessary to resort to air pressure in its construction. The tunnel has a diameter of 34 feet 6 inches at Astoria and 26 feet in The Bronx, and is 4,662 feet long. At the Astoria end it is 176 feet below the surface, while at The Bronx it is 233 feet deep. Work on the construction of the tunnel was commenced September 12, 1910, and rapid progress has been made.

The immense project was carried to completion with the loss of but two lives. A private hospital at Astoria rendered excellent aid to the injured.

All of the gas consumed in Manhattan and The Bronx and a considerable portion consumed in Queens will be eventually manufactured at the plant in Astoria. The plant when fully completed will have a capacity of 240,000,000 gallons a day larger in amount than that produced by any other single plant in the world. The plant now produces 40,000,000 gallons a day.

While the work of construction was in progress two floods occurred. One was on August 29, 1911, when a part of the wall caved in, followed by a flood of blue sand and water, and another on April 1, 1913. Only by difficult work by the engineering forces were the floods stopped.

YOUNG TOM BROWN

OR,

THE BOY WHO KNEW HIS BUSINESS

By ED. KING

(A SERIAL STORY.)

CHAPTER XVI (continued).

Meanwhile the boys had joined the group gathered about the engine.

The conductor and brakemen were here, and so were many of the passengers from the forward cars, and a number of Tom's newly engaged workmen helped to make up the crowd.

The cause of the stoppage was soon ascertained.

There had been a deliberate attempt to wreck the train, which had stopped just short of a long trestle bridge over what is known as the Buzby sink.

This sink was one of those peculiar depressions found in the limestone formation which underlies the great prairies of Illinois.

It was fully a hundred and fifty feet deep, half a mile across and a mile or more in length.

Doubtless in prehistoric times it had been a lake.

The water having been drained off through some unknown channel, it left the sink behind it with rugged, precipitous sides of a whitish limestone, which had been made more rugged still by the quarrying operation of various Chicago contractors carried on there at different times.

The railroad passed over the middle of this vast hole, crossing on a high trestle bridge, and about midway on this bridge, thrown helter skelter across the track, were a number of railroad ties, put there with the deliberate intention of wrecking the train.

Fortunately the engineer had discovered the obstruction in time to stop the train, and there the engine stood puffing, the streaming glare of the headlight showing up the ties as plain as day.

The conductor was storming about heaping anathemas upon the heads of the unknown rascals who had tried to wreck his train.

"If I could only lay my hands on 'em I'd chuck them into the sink," he kept saying. "Where's the track walker? What's to be done? Nobody can go out there on the trestle on a night like this."

All of which went to show that the conductor was not the man for his business.

Instead of making an effort to do something, with him it was all talk.

Fact was the wind was blowing a gale and no one dared to venture out upon the trestle to remove the ties, which could be easily done by tumbling them over into the sink.

"It's as much as any man's life is worth," said the conductor. "I suppose we have got to hold on here till we

can send a brakeman back to Denton and wire ahead for a wrecking train."

"Why not push on slowly and stop just this side of the obstruction?" asked one of the passengers. "Then some of your crew could tumble the ties off the track."

And indeed this would seem to be the most natural way of fixing it, but the conductor declared that he would not even try to stand on the trestle for a thousand dollars, with the wind blowing as it was then.

The discussion had reached this stage when Young Tom Brown stepped forward and quietly said:

"You needn't bother to send a brakeman back, conductor. I'll go out on the trestle and tumble off those ties if there is no one else who dares."

"Hooray for the boss," cried one of the workmen, and a few others joined faintly in that cheer.

There did not seem to be very much enthusiasm over Tom's courageous offer.

Fact was, nobody believed he could do it, and his workmen began to think about their job in Dimsdale and to wonder if young Tom Brown's contract would hold good in case he lost his life in the bold attempt.

Several tried to dissuade the brave boy from his mad purpose.

Among these was Arthur Penrose.

The conductor, however, was rather inclined to urge Tom on.

"If I was your age and unmarried I'd do it quick enough," he declared, "but as it is I haven't any right to risk my life so."

Tom put an end to the discussion then.

"I'm going," he said. "It won't take fifteen minutes to do the job."

He started for the trestle then and Arthur, who had remained silent after entering his protest, pressed close behind him.

"Don't you think of coming, Art!?" cried Tom, his words almost blown away by the wind, now that he was out beyond the engine.

"Indeed I shall!" replied Arthur stubbornly. "If you are going, Tom, then so am I. Don't say another word, for you can't say anything that will turn me from my purpose, old man."

Tom took Arthur's hand and pressed it warmly.

"I expected nothing less of you, Art," he said, "and I believe you can do it—I know I can."

Both the boys had been through a thorough training in the gymnasium of the Dimsdale High School.

Both knew the risk they ran well enough; each felt confidence in his ability to succeed.

After that not another word was said.

Young Tom Brown walked boldly out upon that fearful trestle, Arthur following close behind.

The wind swept past them, threatening to sweep them off the dizzy height at any instant.

The headlight streamed upon them and the workmen stood breathlessly watching their brave young boss as he started in to do this act which none of them had the courage to perform.

"If Tom succeeds he will have a hold over these men which nobody can break," thought Arthur.

But was success possible in the face of this wind, which threatened every instant to sweep them away?

CHAPTER XVII.

WHERE IS TOM.

If Young Tom Brown was frightened he did not show it. His feet never faltered. He walked along over the ties at that dizzy height with as firm a tread as though he had been walking upon a floor.

He did not dare to look back at Arthur, for he knew that to waver from his purpose might mean death.

At the same time he had every confidence in Arthur's ability to hold his own.

Soon the boys became used to the rush of the wind past them and were able to hold themselves up against it, and they kept steadily on until they had reached the ties.

There were some twenty of them.

Tom knew that they must have been dragged out upon the trestle before the wind rose.

"You take them at this end, I'll take the other!" he shouted to Arthur. "Steady, now! Take it easy and it will all be over in a minute. We have gone too far to make a botch of this thing now."

"Count on me," said Arthur. "I'm not a bit rattled, Tom, but oh, do look out for yourself."

Tom laughed and passed on to the other end of the group of ties.

Then the boys started in to tumble the ties down into the sink.

It was easily done, but the risk lay in holding on to a tie an instant too long after it began to go.

The boys managed it beautifully, however.

Tie after tie went crashing down into the sink, until only one remained.

As Tom seized hold of this a fierce gust of wind swept over the trestle and to Arthur's intense horror he saw Tom go tumbling over with the tie.

Shouts went up from the watchers on the bank.

The excitement was intense and all the more so as there was absolutely nothing to be done.

To get down into the sink by the regular way one would have to go half a mile or more in either direction, and even then it was doubtful if they could find the way down in the night.

And Arthur?

The crowd made sure that he had gone over, too.

Young Tom Brown had no sooner disappeared than Arthur vanished likewise.

They saw him sink down upon the trestle, and when they waited for him to rise again he did not appear.

The wildest kind of excitement now prevailed among the workmen.

Everybody said that somebody ought to go out and see if he lay fainting across the track, but nobody had the courage to make the attempt.

The conductor, who was a narrow-minded, selfish fellow, soon put an end to the discussion by ordering the train to move ahead.

"The track is clear and we can't stop here any longer. My duty requires me to move this train on."

A good many protested, but as the conductor was determined, when he shouted "All aboard!" the passengers all climbed into the cars.

"Move ahead slowly. Keep a sharp lookout for the young fellow," the conductor said to the engineer.

The engineer, who was a more humane man, sent the fireman forward on the engine, and as the train moved onto the trestle the man stood just above the cowcatcher straining his eyes to get sight of Arthur's body upon the track.

But he saw nothing of it, and in a minute the train had crossed the sink and went hurrying on its way, leaving the mystery unsolved.

Now, while it is all very well for the conductor and passengers to go off and leave young Tom Brown and Arthur Penrose in this summary fashion, we do not propose to do anything of the sort.

Tom's fate for the moment must be left in abeyance. We shall take up Arthur at the instant the accident occurred.

It was a terrible shock to the boy.

At first he sank down on the track, and it did seem to him as though he was going to faint with the horror of the thing.

But Arthur was not one of the fainting kind.

He quickly recovered himself and began to think of what he ought to do.

It took Arthur just about one second to come to a decision then.

Tom had gone down into the sink. He might be dead—he probably was—but still there was a bare chance of his being alive, and Arthur determined upon the course that Tom surely would have taken under similar circumstances—he prepared to go down into the sink and learn the truth.

The trestle was built of wood and was one of the old-fashioned kind, made up of many pieces bolted together. There were bars and cross-bars, and fortunately for Arthur's purpose he knew all about this, for in days gone by he and Tom had often ridden out to this spot on their bicycles; they had even been down into the sink. Probably there was nobody in Dimsdale who knew the place better than these two boys.

"I can climb down there, and I'm going to do it," muttered Arthur. "I had rather fall and break my neck a dozen times over than to desert Tom."

It was a fearful climb, though.

We cannot pretend to describe it.

FROM ALL POINTS

In the seventeenth century on feast days the life of the czar of Russia was enlivened with such amusements as a battle to the death between a bear and a spearman, in which, it is said, frequently the man lost his life. In the event of a successful issue the spearman was rewarded by being taken to the royal cellars, where he was allowed to drink as much as he liked.

A peculiar occurrence took place at the First National Bank in Watertown, S. Dak., the other day. A woman living in the country near here brought in a package containing \$500 that H. D. Walrath had wrapped up and paid to her December 28, 1900, thirteen years ago. The package had lain at the house unopened during that time and the woman brought it to the First National Bank and took out a time certificate of deposit on it. The case being a peculiar one, Mr. Walrath figured up how much interest that money would have accumulated if the certificate had been taken out in 1900 and found that the \$500 would have earned \$369 interest during the time.

Slowly the locomotive follows the explorers toward the North Pole, just as it did to the heart of Africa and over the Andes; across the plains of the West and the steppes of the East. Now it is Iceland that is to have a railroad, the closest one yet to the Arctic Circle, and that frozen little isle's first line of track. The new improvement will cost about \$500,000 and will consist of about six and one-quarter miles of track around the city of Reykjavik and its harbor. Two hundred men will be employed and the improvement will not be completed before 1916. The work is in the hands of Copenhagen contractors, who have already shipped two locomotives, a dredging machine and other material to the island.

One of the ambitions of the enterprising Philippine Bureau of Agriculture is to introduce the Panama hat industry into the Philippines. The plant from which these hats are made, *Carludovica palmata*, is now cultivated in Java, where hats are being woven from its leaves by Javanese women and children, and the product is said to compare favorably with the common grades turned out in South America. The method of preparing the leaves is very similar to that used in the Philippines in preparing sabutan leaves for weaving sabutan hats. The Filipinos are skillful hatmakers, and in certain parts of the islands hat weaving is the chief household industry. Experiments in cultivating *Carludovica palmata* are now under way at the Lamao and La Carlota experiment stations in the Philippines.

Police headquarters, Tulane avenue and Saratoga street, New Orleans, has harbored several different species of animal life for some time, but it remained for Engineer Henry Graser to discover it is inhabited by a family of owls. Mr. Graser went up in the steeple at 8 o'clock one morning to wind the clock. He was greeted by a noise

that sounded like "Who? Who?" "I never knew that this was a cuckoo clock, but I guess I must live and learn," thought the engineer as he wound the clock. Just as he finished giving the key its third twist he felt something buzzing around his head. Making a grab in the direction of the buzzing the engineer caught feathers, and incidentally was caught by sharp claws. Being game, he held on in spite of the cutting talons. As soon as he reached daylight the engineer saw that he had captured a young owl.

A dream, so vivid that it led a mother to travel nearly a thousand miles, came true with the reunion of Mrs. Marian A. Dexter, of Chicago, and her daughter, Alice G. Dexter, for whom she had been searching for fifteen years. The other Sunday night Mrs. Dexter, in Chicago, dreamed that she found her daughter living with the family of James S. Slocum, in Moravia, N. Y. So deeply was Mrs. Dexter impressed by the dream that she journeyed to Moravia and found the dream true in every particular. Years ago Miss Dexter's parents decided to separate at Boston. Mrs. Dexter at once went West, moving recently to Chicago. She had lost all track of her daughter. Mr. Dexter died in New York a year ago. The daughter, who is a miniature painter, had been visiting the Slocum family for a week past. Mother and daughter plan to live in New York. Mrs. Dexter is an illustrator.

Sir Ernest Shackleton, in an interview given in London, England, recently stated that next year he hoped to start on another Antarctic expedition. His plan as at present conceived is to go from South America directly south to the Antarctic regions, returning to civilization by way of New Zealand. He expects to be accompanied by the same men as he had during his last expedition. Three men made up the "southern party" that accompanied Sir Ernest on his last dash for the pole, in which he was compelled by blizzards to give up when 111 miles from the goal. They were Lieutenant Adams, a meteorologist; Eric Marshall, surgeon, and Frank Wild. In the supporting party were Sir Philip Brocklehurst and Messrs. Joyce, Marson, Armytage and Priestly. When Sir Ernest Shackleton visited this country early this year he affirmed his intention to make another try for the pole, where, he said, there was "much work to be done." He said he hoped to take an expedition to the Antarctic continent on the side opposite McMurdo Sound, where he entered before, and cross the continent. Sir Ernest has announced his belief that the discovery of the pole is only the beginning of a great work of a scientific nature, and that the best course to be pursued is the general route of Lieutenant Filchner, thus moving from the unknown into the known. Only a slight segment has been cut from the great unexplored continent of ice on the Australian side, and the English explorer believes that by starting from the unknown coast and striking across the mountainous heights of ice he will leave the easiest part of the expedition for the last and attack the worst part first.

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BRIEF BUT POINTED ITEMS

It is said that the English peasant has a vocabulary of from 300 to 500 words. That of the Irish peasantry of the Aran islands is over 2,500 words. A vocabulary of 3,000 words is used by Roscommon peasants who can neither read nor write, and in Munster, especially in Kerry, the average vocabulary in use is probably between 5,000 and 6,000 words.

After having been in a grave in Baltimore for nearly nine years the body of Patrick Dugan was found to have become completely petrified. Its weight was estimated at more than six hundred pounds. The face and hands were a light gray, while the clothes were several shades darker. The body was reinterred in another cemetery. Mr. Dugan was eighty-four years old when he died.

Prof. Roland, of Paris, has just devised an ingenious method of punishment for pupils who are idle, turbulent or undisciplined. Instead of making them remain in to write lines, or do similar tasks, he makes them walk five miles. They are required to produce from their parents a certificate that the walk has been taken. The professor is so pleased with the results obtained that he is recommending his methods to other schoolmasters.

William E. Parker, of Harrington, Me., a graduate of the University of Maine in 1912, was instantly killed in the transformer station of the Worcester, Mass., Consolidated Street Railway Company when 13,000 volts of electricity passed through his body as it came in contact with a feed wire carrying the current. Parker was in the employ of the Consolidated only a week. He was a son of James E. Parker, of Harrington, Me., and for three years before his graduation from the University of Maine he was a star player on the football team.

The busiest railway terminal in this country is the South Station of Boston, Mass., which handles more trains, passengers, baggage and mail per day than any other station, says *Engineering News*. The largest railway station in this country in point of size is the recently completed Grand Central Terminal in New York City. These two stations are at the terminal of the New York, New Haven

& Hartford Railroad, which railroad shares the former station with the Boston & Albany Railroad, and the latter with the New York Central Railroad. The total number of passengers in and out of the South Station from July, 1912, to June, 1913, exceeded 28,000,000; the number in and out of the Grand Central exceeded 22,000,000. Almost twice as many trains are handled each day at the South Station as at the Grand Central, but the number of cars per train is greater at the latter. In spite of this tremendous traffic the passenger facilities of the Grand Central are far from taxed; although at the present time about 62,000 persons use it daily, when completed the station will have capacity to handle 70,000 per hour. Twenty-one tracks have still to be completed at this station, whereas at the South Station in Boston all the tracks are now in use with the exception of the two suburban loop tracks, whose operation must await electrification.

JOKES AND JESTS.

"Popper, what is a ministering angel?" "A ministering angel? Well, it is a woman who loves to run a lawn mower."

Mamma—"Who is to have the biggest apple?" Georgie—"Me!" Dot—"No, me! Georgie was eatin' apples two years 'fore I was born."

"Mary, go into the sitting-room and tell me how the thermometer stands." "It stands on the mantelpiece, just ag'in the wall, sir."

Jack—"How is your sister getting on with her singing lessons?" Cissie—"Well, papa has taken the wadding out of his ears for the first time to-day."

"I find it impossible to kill the nerve!" exclaimed the dentist, in a troubled tone. "What can it mean?" "I'm a drummer," with a ring of pride in his voice.

"Two hours of sleep before midnight is better than four after that hour." "Fiddlesticks! Two hours' sleep after one is called in the morning is better than all the others."

"I told her I was afraid to kiss her while we were on the tandem, for fear we would both fall off." "What did she say?" "She said she hoped I didn't call myself an experienced wheelman."

"What are you doing, you young rascal?" said a farmer to a small boy under a tree in his orchard with an apple in his hand. "Please, sir, I was going to put this 'ere apple back on the tree, sir."

Mawkins—"What's become of Gambit? I have not seen him for some time." Skarem—"Oh, he's in the hospital. A case of nervous prostration. He over-exercised, you know. He is a great chess player, you know, and sometimes when he got thoroughly aroused he has been known to make three moves in half a day. No man, you know, could bear up under such killing exercise as that."

THE LITTLE DETECTIVE.

By Col. Ralph Fenton

Not far from the year 1850, a bold bank robbery took place in a large Southern city, located on the shores of one of our great rivers. The money taken was chiefly gold, a large deposit of which had just been made. In those days the bank safes and vaults were less secure than now, and the combination lock was unknown.

The whole detective force of the city was on the alert the next day, and the eyes of Argus watched the levee, the railroad stations, the streets and by-ways. Over forty thousand dollars had been stolen, and a reward of eight thousand was already offered for the capture of the robbers and the recovery of the money.

There was a member of the detective force name Donnelly, who had long been a target for the raillery of his fellows. One reason was that he was very short in stature, his height being five feet five and his weight one hundred and sixteen, and another was that he had never accomplished anything of importance. He had been "kept down" probably by a mistaken notion of his real worth, and had been assigned to duty in petty larceny, where a stolen coat or cloak was to be looked among the pawn-brokers or dealers in second-hand clothing.

Donnelly, too, was excitable, as a detective ought not to be, and on this occasion he entered the chief's office and nervously said:

"I know where the gold is!"

"Where?" asked the chief, smiling, while several officers present winked at each other.

"I saw them take it on board a boat at the levee."

"How do you know? Did you see the coin itself?"

"No; they didn't have it loose in a wheelbarrow like coal," replied Donnelly, a little stung. "I'm not joking, sir, and mean all I say. I saw the gold taken on board the Water Lily."

"Pretty name, anyhow," suggested one of the detectives.

"How was it taken aboard?" asked the chief more gravely.

"In three carpet-bags."

"Well, how do you know the gold was in them?"

"They were very heavy, for one thing."

"Well?"

"And they were carried by two well-dressed white men. One carried two, and he could hardly walk with them, while the other carried the third. They must have been valuable or they would have been intrusted to the darkies."

"When does the Water Lily leave?" asked the chief, somewhat interested. "She steams up the river for M— at four o'clock. She has but a small cargo."

"Well, Mr. Neff, you and Mr. Wilson go with him, and look at those carpet-bags," said the chief, addressing two of the detectives.

The three left, and in half an hour Neff and Wilson returned in a high state of mirth.

"Well, did you find them?" asked the chief.

"Yes, lying carelessly in a stateroom, and the doors wide open. We examined them, and found that they weighed three pounds each. The question is whether they contain

four shirts and nine handkerchiefs, or five boots and collars."

"Where is Donnelly?" asked the chief, very much amused.

"We left him at the levee. He was ashamed to come back, no doubt."

"Really, you fellows plague him too much."

"Yes," replied Neff, "we'll destroy his usefulness if we keep on."

But little Donnelly was not satisfied. He called at the bank which had been robbed, and at his suggestion the officers procured a search-warrant, and that afternoon every nook and corner of the Water Lily capable of concealing a dime was searched, but no traces of the stolen money were found.

The captain was indignant and the passengers grumbled at being detained half an hour. The officers of the bank and the law officers who had executed the search-warrant humbly apologized. The chief talked of removing Donnelly from the force.

The Water Lily steamed up the river at half-past four, with half a dozen cabin passengers and one deck passenger. The latter was a ragged, dirty-faced boy, of apparently seventeen. He wanted to go to M—, and had scarcely enough money to take a deck passage.

The black columns of smoke and the white wreaths of steam rolled up into the sky; the green shores glided by on either side, and new pictures of nature unfolded far up the river at every curve; the passengers lounged and smoked; day faded, night came on, and the lonely pilot watched the hilltops and the stars; and the solitary deck passenger, after gazing on the rushing water and the picturesque shores till all were swallowed up in darkness, became drowsy, went and crawled into a bunk and snored.

At midnight the Water Lily rounded to tie up at her destination. Steam was blown off and several passengers went ashore, but not those who carried the three carpet-bags. Most of the crew also went ashore, as though they belonged there, and things were soon quiet on the Water Lily. Hours went by; the fires under the boilers died out, and the iron grew cold.

Meanwhile the deck passenger lay snoring; and with dull ears and closed eyes, how was he to hear the stealthy tread of feet on the boiler-deck, or see the light that, about three o'clock in the morning, came faintly back among the rude sleeping bunks? It was at this hour that three men moved quietly about the deck, one of them carrying a lantern.

"We can't be too careful. Better make sure," said one, in a low tone.

"Well, let's go back and look," responded another.

Then the three men walked aft with their light, and peered into the bunks. They were the captain and the two carpet-baggers.

"Why, what's this?" asked one of the latter, in a startled whisper, as the red light flashed over the ragged form of the snoring deck passenger.

"Only that stupid young chap that took a deck passage," replied the captain. "A cannon wouldn't wake him, probably."

"Let him sleep, then, by all means. It would be cruel to disturb him."

After further careful scrutiny of the bunks and other dark recesses on the after-deck, the three went forward to the boilers. When they had done so, a remarkable change had come over the deck passenger. Without any warning whatever, and without the usual preliminary symptoms of waking, such as moving uneasily, turning over and sighing, he sat bolt upright, and deliberately peeped out from his bunk. When he did so, he saw some human figures moving about in front of the boilers, and a dim light shining in their midst. He also heard a clinking sound, as of tools at work among iron machinery, and he got out of his bunk, noiselessly as a spirit, and floated forward over the deck like a shadow.

The captain of the Water Lily and the two passengers with the carpet-bags were standing in front of one of the boilers, and the former was at work with a wrench, taking the iron taps from the stay bolts that held the iron plate in its place over the manhole, while one of the passengers held the light in such a way as to cast nearly all its rays upon the work, and few of them anywhere else. It is not unusual for this heavy iron plate to be taken off for the purpose of examining or cleansing the interior of the boiler, but the ragged young deck passenger, who soon gained a position from which he could watch their movements closely, thought it quite remarkable that a couple of passengers should remain on board the Water Lily for the purpose of watching or assisting at the operation at three o'clock in the morning.

The heavy iron plate was at last freed from its place, and the captain, with the assistance of the passenger who was not tending the lantern, set it carefully down on the deck. The former then thrust his hand into the aperture and said :

"The water is pretty warm yet, but all's right."

"Are the bags sound?" asked the passenger who held the light.

"Yes."

"Not cooked to shreds?"

"No."

"Can you lift them out?"

"Yes, one at a time. Look around carefully first, though. It would be pretty rough to be caught now."

"Good Lord!"

This was the exclamation of the passenger with the lantern. He had been on the point of raising it above his head, that he might be able to scan the vicinity closely, when a strong hand, coming right out of the darkness, snatched it away from him.

It was a picture—that night scene—the three men standing, frightened and amazed, and the dirty and ragged little deck passenger confronting them, with the lantern in one hand and a revolver in the other, leveled upon them, while his face assumed a look of firmness and authority.

"Put that iron plate on again!" he said, with a sternness that contrasted queerly with his inferior size and appearance.

"Who are you?" asked the captain, in a voice that trembled.

"My name is Donnelly. I belong to the detective force, and am on the scent of that gold you have hidden in the boiler. I knew that it was on this boat."

The captain moved uneasily, took a step or two backward, and put his hand behind him to grasp a large poker used by the firemen. It was leaning against a stanchion, but the sharp eyes of the little detective were on him, and he said :

"Yes, just so much as touch that poker, and I will shoot you through the heart. You'd like to lay me out, wouldn't you?"

The captain withdrew his hand quickly, and his pale, frightened face looked almost ghastly in the dull light of the lantern.

One of the passengers looked longingly toward the gang-plank.

"I'm watching you," said Donnelly. "Just make a run for that, if you think you can run faster than a bullet."

"Look here, officer," said the captain, who had somewhat recovered his composure, "you are armed and have the advantage, otherwise you would find it a serious matter to interfere with us. I see you know all, and we understand one another. Now let us talk like business men. You are probably comparatively a poor man. We have forty thousand dollars here in this boiler. Take ten thousand of it, go your way, and keep silent."

"No, sir!" said the detective, emphatically. "I wouldn't let you go for the whole sum. Do as I ordered, or I'll commence shooting."

Seeing that he was not to be trifled with, the captain and two passengers (who, of course, were simply a couple of polished burglars) proceeded to replace the iron plate, under the sharp supervision of the detective, who warned them that they had better do it right, as they must remain in custody on board the Water Lily during her trip down the river, and would have to risk the consequences of an explosion if they slighted their work. When the task was done he escorted them up in the cabin, and carefully locked them up in separate staterooms.

The dawn of day saw the little steamboat backing out from the levee. With a fresh crew hastily summoned by the bold little detective, she went flying down the river, and by midday was made fast once more to the levee she had left on the previous afternoon.

A messenger was speedily sent to the chief's office and to the bank, and once more the steam was blown off, the fires put out and the manhole opened. Then there were taken from the boiler the bags of stolen coin, which were restored to their owners.

The sequel showed that the two passengers with the carpet-bags, who were a couple of the most accomplished burglars of the day, had, after robbing the bank, bribed the captain of the Water Lily to conceal the plunder in one of the boilers, where no one would ever have dreamed of looking for it, and to start up the river with them, without waiting for a cargo. His reward was to have been one-fourth of the money.

Little Donnelly, who received the reward of eight thousand dollars from the bank, was no longer a subject of sport, nor a "hewer of wood and drawer of water" in the police office. He had gone from the bottom to the top in one jump, and for years afterward he enjoyed the distinction of being the keenest detective in the Southwest. So much for sticking to the scent and "shadowing" the Water Lily.

GOOD READING

Four hundred years ago the average length of human life was between eighteen and twenty years. One hundred years ago the average human life was less than thirty years. The average human life to-day reaches nearly forty years. This shows what medical science has done for human life.

A cat lover, Walter Scott, has started a free hotel for cats at Cheshire, Connecticut. Himself an inn keeper, he has fitted up a large room in the basement of his hostelry, and there homeless cats can take refuge and get three square meals a day. There are now over 100 cats in the free hotel. Mr. Scott is so satisfied with his experiment that he is taking steps to establish a chain of hotels for cats.

The editor of a Swiss newspaper, the *Schweizerische Volkswacht*, has just had a legacy of \$20 per annum left him by a man whom he had never even heard of. The clause of the will containing the bequest is rather a curious one, running as follows: "On January 1 and August 1 of each year a sum of \$10 shall be paid to the editor of the *Schweizerische Volkswacht* on condition that he shall drink a glass of beer in honor of the deceased. This legacy shall hold good until the death of the legatee."

Founded in 1900, the Bergero Tree Planting Society, Norway, has undertaken a task which will require many years and large expenditures of money and labor to complete, as it proposes to cover the mountain sides and the untiltable acres of western Norway with forests, as they were centuries ago. Assisted by wealthy contributors and timely government aid, it has excellent prospects of succeeding. Since the society started, thirteen years ago, 36,606,000 young trees have been produced, covering about 14,000 acres within the borders of the two Bergen-hus counties.

Nearly every nation has its own particular forms of food, and things which some races would not touch are considered by others as the greatest luxury. For instance, while the Arab eats lotus bread and dhourra with the relish of fresh dates, the Greenlander gorges himself on animal fat and whale oil as the necessary means of keeping warmth in his body. Hindoos will not touch any form of flesh, but live happily on rice and rancid butter. An Englishman is supposed to value beef and bacon above all other articles of food, while the dwellers in the Apennines live on chestnuts. In ancient days the Roman emperors were accustomed to have a peacock served at all great feasts as one of the principal dainties, while these bright birds' nests and rats form choice dishes in a Chinese menu.

Bisely, a large Airedale dog, owned by W. H. Reber, of Butte, Mont., was killed recently while leading a pack of wolves near Red Lodge. Three wolves were shot at the same time. The following story can be verified in every

detail and proves that London's "Call of the Wild" is not altogether fiction. Bisely was the special property of Edward, W. H. Reber's son, and was kept on the Reber Ranch. "He was the best hunter I have ever seen," said the young man. "I have been out with him many times in a boat on Rosebud Lake. The ducks would no sooner drop into the water than Bisely was out of the boat and after them. Late last winter he disappeared. A few weeks prior to that he would go off in the woods, sometimes staying away whole days. Then he vanished altogether. I thought he had attacked a cougar and got the worst of it." John Dunn had been troubled with prowling wolves the last few months. He saw the pack several times, and told of a strange-looking, light-brown wolf that led the bunch. He believed that if he could get the leader the wolves would cease their daring attack upon his stock. At last Mr. Dunn and several cowboys started after the bunch. They hunted most of the day, setting snares. The pack was rounded up and four of the animals fell. The leader was the first one shot, as Mr. Dunn was particularly anxious to get him. When Mr. Dunn reached the carcass he picked up, instead of a wolf, an unusually large Airedale dog. It was Bisely, all right. A collar was still around his neck, and the name of the owner on the brass tag.

On the site where, three-quarters of a century ago, his war councils were heard, a bronze statue of Chief Keokuk was unveiled recently in Rand Park, Keokuk, Iowa. The unveiling ceremony was held in connection with the conference of the Iowa Daughters of the American Revolution. Mrs. William Cumming Story, National President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution, was one of the speakers at the exercises. John Keokuk, a resident of the Sac and Fox agency in Oklahoma and great-great-grandson of the noted chief, delivered a message from his people. Mrs. Story urged the completion of the enterprise of marking pioneer trials across the country. A tablet marking the Mormon trail across Iowa was dedicated in connection with the unveiling of the Keokuk statue. The statue of Chief Keokuk is of bronze, ten feet high, resting on a base fifteen feet high. It is the work of Miss Nellie V. Walker, an Iowa girl, now living in Chicago. Great care was taken in the reproduction of Chief Keokuk's dress, and Miss Walker made frequent trips to the Smithsonian Institution and to numerous historical societies throughout the central states in order to give a correct picture of the Indian as he lived. The bones of Chief Keokuk were buried recently under the statue. They were brought here several years ago from Ottawa, Kan. When found, the skull and some of the bones of the arm were missing, but later the skull was discovered in a white man's lodge at Ottawa, where it was being used in an initiation ceremony. Historians write that Keokuk moved in more magnificent style than any other chief in America. In point of natural intellect, integrity of character and the capacity to govern and command, he is said to have been without a superior among Indians.

ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

TREASURE VAULTS OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

There is one thing that no visitor to Windsor Castle ever sees, and that is the vast treasure vaults that lie beneath the buildings. As a matter of fact, the whole Castle Hill is honeycombed with vaults, which in olden days formed part of the system of fortification of the place against a possible siege. But to-day they are put to more peaceable purposes and are used to store away the wealth of the palace during the absence of the court. Some of them form vast strong rooms, and it is in these that the famous gold plate is kept that is displayed on the occasion of state banquets. But very little of it is really gold; the bulk of it is only silver gilt.

INSECT PESTS IN BOLIVIA AND BRAZIL.

Insect pests are a plague on the boundary of Bolivia and Brazil. "In the forests and on the smaller rivers," writes Commander Herbert A. Edwards, R. N. R., in the *Geographical Journal*, "life is made almost unbearable." Ants are met with everywhere; they swarm over one's person in hundreds, and most of them bite most savagely. There is one kind of red ant, which lives in trees hollowed out by themselves, whose bite is like a touch with a red hot iron. If a person inadvertently touches or leans up against one of these trees the ants swarm out upon him instantly, and his life for hours afterward is a long drawn out misery. Then there are the huge ants, called tucanderas, one and a half inches in length; they live in the forks of trees. Their bite is particularly painful, and causes the part affected to swell up as if poisoned. One of our soldiers was incapacitated for several days by a bite of a tucandera. Red ants, black ants which make broad, straight roads of their own and move about in battalions: grayish white ants, living in red colored mounds, six feet high; yellow ants—each and every one has its own particular way of making unwelcome the intruder into its habitat.

"Butterflies during bright sunshine settled on the surveyors and the instruments they were using in such numbers that survey work became an impossibility. Nor is this all. Wasps of many colors, but always with a sting; hornets, which give no mercy to man or beast; bees of all sizes, some of which swarm in one's shirt, eyes, hair, ears, mouth and nostrils seeking moisture. Every blade of grass has a tick of some sort, waiting opportunity to bury itself in some one's flesh.

"Spiders, horrid hairy creatures, with bodies six inches long, are sometimes met. One of our men was stung or bitten by one of these when out shooting; his foot where he was bitten became very inflamed and broke out into raw patches. He had to be left behind, as we were on the march, and when we sent for him three weeks later he was still limping."

WILD SHEEP OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Was the ordinary domestic sheep the original beach comber? Was it intended to browse upon seaweeds and the tangled flotsam of the ocean? These questions are

suggested by conditions on the east coast of the province of Nova Scotia.

Here is an archipelago of thousands of isles, wooded and rocky, their vegetation telling of the warmth the waters of the sea have snatched from the Gulf Stream. Four hundred years ago the hardy French voyagers who first settled this part of Canada hailed these pretty islands with delight. They settled there before they would trust themselves upon the mainland, and there they turned out their live stock—shaggy Breton ponies, hardy little Jerseylike cows and lanky sheep.

The sheep thrived where the cattle and the horses found the problem of existing difficult. Soon they paddled in the shallow waters of the outgoing tide in their desire to catch at the floating eel grass and bulbous kelp. Then the discovery came that swimming was not beyond their powers, and they need not remain prisoners on single islands when there were scores of others for them to visit.

So it came about that they peopled numbers of the islands, and straggling along the whole coast line became no man's flocks, having returned to a pristine wilderness. Their former owners drifted inland and after some years the islands were left to their old-time solitude. The sheep could not be reclaimed and were left to their own devices.

So it comes about that in Nova Scotia, especially in Guysboro county, there is to-day a breed of big sheep loaded down with heavy wool of as many years' growth as they are old, perfectly wild, living on the sea coast. Swift on their feet, they are as alert to danger as their cousins, the mountain sheep of the Pacific coast. They jump from cliffs of considerable height, trusting to their heavy fleece to save their bones from harm. They are ready on the instant to plunge into the waves and swim off to safety.

They are sure footed as antelopes, vigilant as chamois. This, too, despite the fact that they are always rolling in fat. The writer measured the length of the wool on one fair-sized specimen not far from Ecum Secum and found the average to be from nine to thirteen inches of a choice silky character. Ragged-looking the old timers grow to be, especially about the neck, but this is when maturity has been passed and old age is coming on. Otherwise they are tidy-looking creatures, though their fleeces are prodigiously exaggerated.

They are partly carnivorous, these sheep of the sea coast. At least an observant watcher will notice that they nose away at the soft spots of the beach after eel worms and mussels, and chewed clam shells are commonly to be met with on their pasturages. But their regular food is dulce, eel grass and kelp.

In the winter they are apt to suffer. The spray dashes into the fleece and freezes there in cold weather. All along the high water mark the sea walls of ice form. Many sheep are drowned here while feeding on the sea weed. Were it not for the dangers of the winter season the sheep would become exceedingly numerous, for they breed quickly and not very many of them fall before the hunters.

THE MAGIC DAGGER.

A wonderful illusion. To all appearances it is an ordinary dagger which you can flourish around in your hand and suddenly state that you think you have lived long enough and had better commit suicide, at the same time plunging the dagger up to the hilt into your breast or side, or you can pretend to stab a friend or acquaintance. Of course your friend or yourself are not injured in the least, but the deception is perfect and will startle all who see it.

Price, 10c., or 3 for 25c. by mail, postpaid. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.



ELECTRIC PUSH BUTTON.—The base is made of maple, and the center piece of black wth nut, the whole thing abou. 1¹/₂ inches in diameter, with a metal hook on the back so that it may be slipped over edge of the vest pocket. Expose to view your New Electric Bell, when your friend will push the button expecting to hear it ring. As soon as he touches it, you will see some of the liveliest dancing you ever witnessed. The Electric Button is heavily charged and will give a smart shock when the button is pushed.

Price 10c., by mail, postpaid. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THE INK BLOT JOKER.

Fool Your Friends.—The greatest novelty of the age! Have a joke which makes everybody laugh. More fun than any other novelty that has been shown in years. Place it on a desk, tablecloth, or any piece of furniture, as shown in the above cut, near some valuable papers, or on fine wearth apparel. Watch the result! Oh, Gee! Price, 15c. each, postpaid. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

CARD THROUGH THE HAT TRICK

With this trick you borrow a hat, and apparently shove a card up through the crown, without injuring the card or hat. The operation can be reversed, the performer seemingly pushing the card down through the crown into the hat again. It is a trick which will puzzle and interest the closest observer and detection is almost impossible. It is so simple that a child can learn how to perform it in a few minutes.

Price 10 cents each, by mail, post-paid. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

ITCH POWDER.

Gee whiz! What fun you can have with this stuff. Moisten the tip of your finger, tap it on the contents of the box, and a little bit will stick. Then shake hands with your friend, or drop a speck down his back. In a minute he will feel as if he had the seven years' itch.

It will make him scratch, rear, squirm and make faces. But it is perfectly harmless, as it is made from the seeds of wild roses. The horrible itch stops in a few minutes, or can be checked immediately by rubbing the spot with a wet cloth. While it is working, you will be apt to laugh your suspender buttons off. The best joke of all. Price 10 cents a box, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

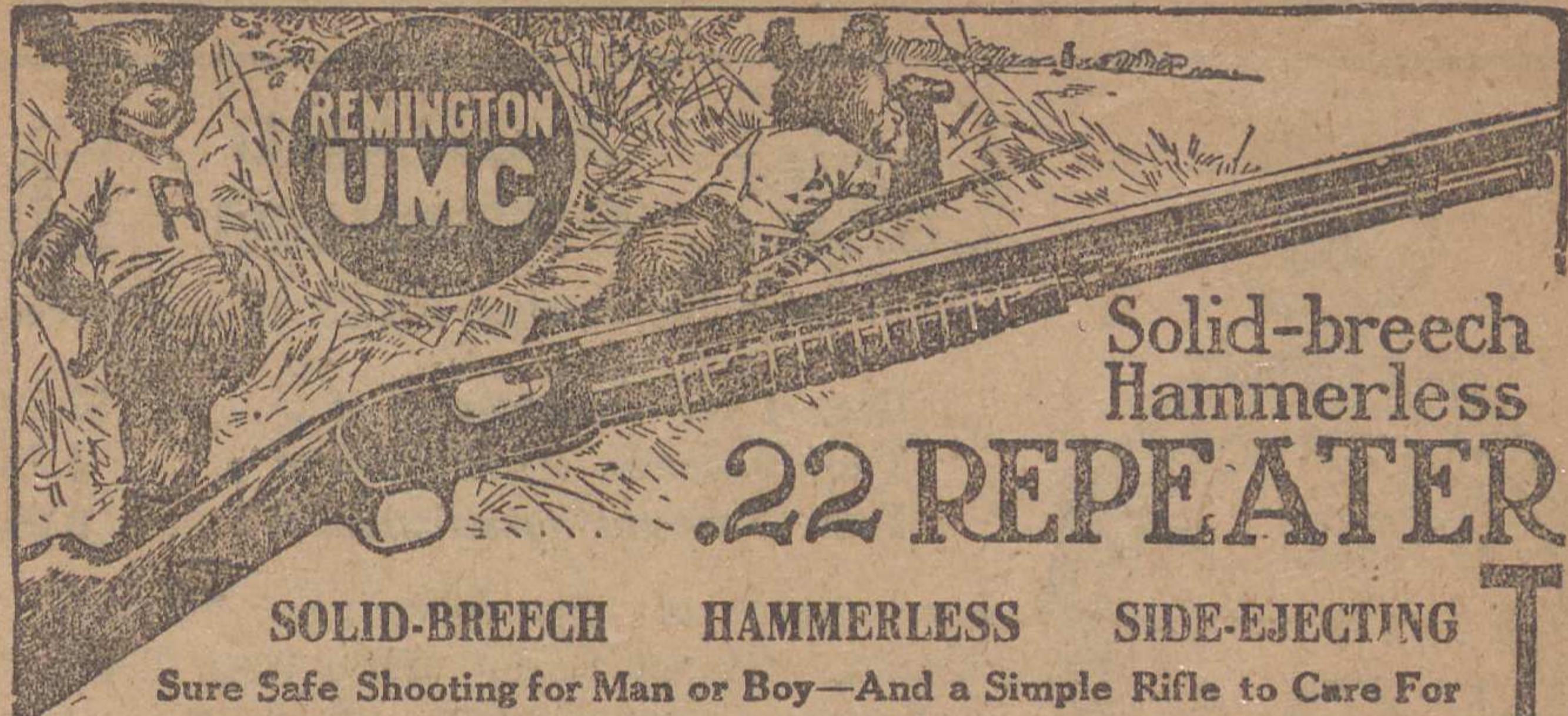
MICROSCOPE.

By use of this wonderful little microscope you can magnify a drop of stagnant water until you see dozens of crawling insects; is also useful for inspecting grain, pork, linen, and numerous other articles. This little instrument does equally as good work as the best microscopes and is invaluable to the household. Is made of best finished brass; size when closed 1x2¹/₂ inches. Price, 80c. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

DEVILINE'S WHISTLE.

Nickel plated and polished; it produces a near-piercing sound; large seller; illustration actual size. Price, 12c. by mail.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.



Solid-breech Hammerless

.22 REPEATER

SOLID-BREECH HAMMERLESS SIDE-EJECTING

Sure Safe Shooting for Man or Boy—And a Simple Rifle to Care For

The Remington-UMC .22 Repeater is rifled, sighted and tested for accuracy by expert gunsmiths. It shoots as you hold. The simple, improved safety device on every Remington-UMC .22 repeater never fails to work. Accidental discharge is impossible.

The Remington-UMC .22 Repeater is easily cared for. In taking down, your fingers are your only tools. The breech block, firing pin and extractor, come out in one piece—permitting the barrel to be cleaned from the breech.

The action handles .22 short, .22 long or .22 long rifle cartridges—any or all at the same time without adjustment.

Remington-UMC—the perfect shooting combination
REMINGTON ARMS-UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO. 299 Broadway, New York City

SNAKES IN THE GRASS



Something entirely new, consisting of six large cones, each one nearly one inch in height. Upon lighting one of these cones with a match, you see something similar to a 4th of July exhibition of fireworks. Sparks fly in every direction, and as the cone burns down it throws out and is surrounded with what appears to be grass; at the same time a large snake uncoils himself from the burning cone and lazily stretches out in the grass, which at last burns to ashes but the snake remains as a curiosity unharmed. They are not at all dangerous and can be set off in the parlor if placed on some metal surface that will not burn. An ordinary dust pan answers the purpose nicely. Price of the six cones, packed in sawdust, in a strong wooden box, only 10c., 3 boxes for 25c., 1 dozen boxes 75c., sent by mail postpaid.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

DUPLEX BICYCLE WHISTLE.

This is a double whistle, producing loud but very rich, harmonious sounds, entirely different from ordinary whistles. It is just the thing for bicyclists or sportsmen, its peculiar double and resonant tones at once attracting attention. It is an imported whistle, handsomely nickel plated, and will be found a very useful and handy pocket companion. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c.; one dozen, 75c., sent by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

FIFI.

Also known as a Japanese butterfly. A pleasing novelty enclosed in an envelope. When the envelope is opened Fifi will fly out through the air for several yards. Made of colored paper to represent a butterfly six inches wide. Price, 10c.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

CARTER AEROPLANE No. 1.

Will fly on a horizontal line 150 feet! Can be flown in the house, and will not injure itself nor anything in the room. The most perfect little aeroplane made. The motive power is furnished by twisted rubber bands contained within the tubular body of the machine. It is actuated by a propeller at each end revolving in opposite directions. Variation in height may be obtained by moving the planes and the balance weight. It can be made to fly either to the right or the left by moving the balance side-wise before it is released for flight. Price, 35c. each, delivered.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.



OLD COINS WANTED

\$7.75 Paid for RARE date 1853 Quarters and \$1¹/₂ without arrows. CASH premiums paid on hundreds of old coins. Keep all money dated before 1838 and send TEN cents at once for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, size 4x7. Get Posted and make money easy. C. F. CLARKE & CO., Coin Dealers, Box 21, Le Roy, N. Y.

GREENBACKS! Big bunch of stage money, 10c. The Literary Enterprise - 3348 Lowe Ave., Chicago.

32 NICE POST CARDS different sorts, and a Good Magazine for one year. The WHOLE THING for only ten cents. ROBERTS & CO., 3247 WOOD ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

You Can Make \$8.00 PER 100 COLLECTING your neighbors names for our Directory. All kinds of names wanted. Send 10 cents postage for blank book and outfit. We want a million names quick. WATSON & CO., MCKINLEY PARK, CHICAGO, ILL.

VOICE THROWER 10c Wonderful instrument that creates a new vocal power. Sounds appear to come from a great distance away. Held unseen in the mouth. Mystifies everybody. Send a dime for yours today. Our great catalog of Magic and Mystery included free. MCKINLEY CO., D⁹ WINONA, MINN.

ASTHMA

REMEDY sent to you on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send \$1.00; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today. W. K. Sterline, 837 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio.

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

Ventriloquist Double Throat. Fits roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary, and imitate birds and beasts of the field and forest. Loads of fun. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price: only 10 cents; 4 for 25 cents, or 12 for 50 cents. Double Throat Co. Dpt. K Frenchtown, N.J.

Wizard Repeating LIQUID PISTOL

Will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury.

Perfectly safe to carry without danger of leakage. Fires and recharges by pulling the trigger. Loads from any liquid. No cartridges required. Over six shots in one loading. All dealers, or by mail, 50c. Pistol with rubber covered holster, 55c. Holsters separate, 10c. Send money order. No postage stamps or coins accepted. PARKER, STEARNS & CO., 273 GEORGIA AVE., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

IMITATION CUT FINGER.

A cardboard finger, carefully bandaged with linen, and the side and end are blood-stained. When you slip it on your finger and show it to your friends, just give a groan or two, nuse it up, and pull

a look of pain. You will get nothing but sympathy until you give them the laugh. Then duck! Price, 10c., postpaid.

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Look! A GRAND PREMIUM Look!

One of these fine watches **FREE** to anyone sending us

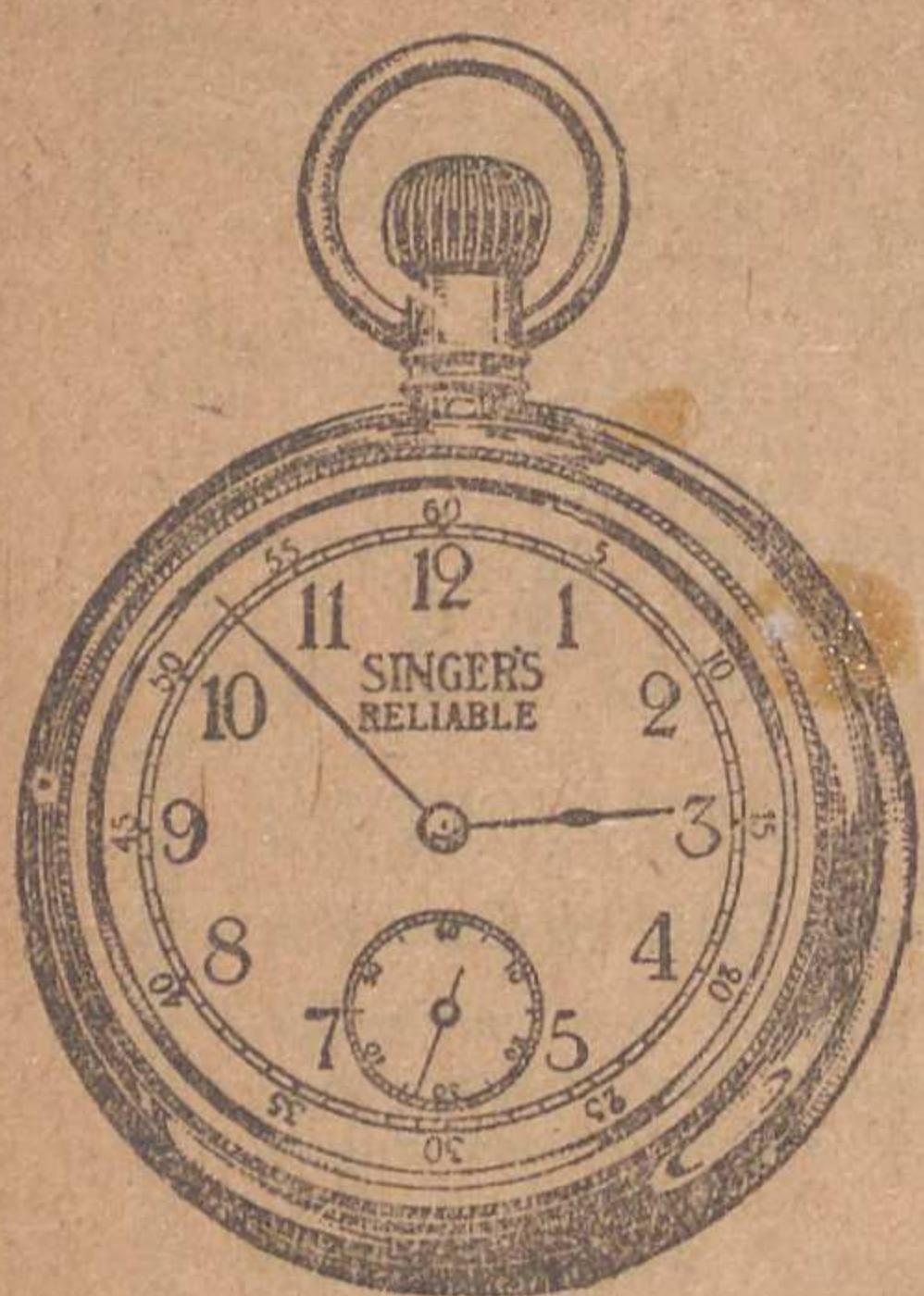
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For either of the following: "Moving Picture Stories," "Happy Days," "Wild West Weekly," "Fame and Fortune Weekly," "The Liberty Boys of '76," "Secret Service," "Work and Win," or "Pluck and Luck."

There is only one condition—send us the money and we will send you the watch, and any one of the above publications for the period subscribed for.



Face



Back

Description of the Watch

It is American-made, open face, stem wind and set, and will run from 30 to 36 hours with one winding. The movement is the same size as an expensive railroad timepiece, absolutely accurate, and each one is guaranteed. The cases are made in Gold Plate, Polished Nickel, Gun-metal with Gilt center and plain Gun-metal.

The design on the back case is a fancy engraved scroll.

Send in Your Subscriptions Now to

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 168 West 23d St., N. Y. City

VANISHING CIGAR.

This cigar is made in exact imitation of a good one. It is held by a rubber cord which, with the attached safety pin, is fastened on the inside of the sleeve. When offered to a friend, as it is about to be taken, it will instantly disappear.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.
C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

THE JUMPING FROG.

This little novelty creates a world of laughter. Its chief attractiveness is that it takes a few seconds before leaping high in the air, so that when set, very innocently along side of an unsuspecting person, he is suddenly startled by the wonderful activity of this frog. Price, 15c. each by mail postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St. B'klyn. N. Y.

THE FIGHTING ROOSTERS.

A full blooded pair of fighting game cocks. These little fighters have real feathers, yellow legs and fiery red combs, their movements when fighting are perfectly natural and lifelike, and the secret of their movements is known only to the operator, who can cause them to battle with each other as often and as long as desired. Independent of their fighting proclivities they make very pretty mantel ornaments. Price for the pair in a strong box, 10c.; 3 pairs for 25c. by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.



DEAD SHOT SQUIRT PISTOL.

If you shoot a man with this "gun" he will be too mad to accept the ancient excuse—"I didn't know it was loaded." It loads easily with a full charge of water, and taking aim, press the rubber bulb at the butt of the pistol, when a small stream of water is squirted into his face. The best thing to do then is to pocket your gun and run. There are "loads of fun" in this wicked little joker, which looks like a real revolver, trigger, cock, chambers, barrel and all. Price only 7c.; 4 for 25c.; one dozen 60c. by mail postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn. N. Y.



THE PEG JUMPER.

A very effective pocket trick, easily to be performed by any one. A miniature paddle is shown. Central holes are drilled through it. A wooden peg is inside of the upper hole. Showing now both sides of the paddle, the performer causes, by simply breathing upon it, the peg to leave the upper hole, and appear in the middle one. Then it jumps to the lower hole, back to the middle one, and lastly to the upper hole. Both sides of the paddle are repeatedly shown. Price by mail, 15c.
C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.



LIGHTNING TRICK BOX.

A startling and pleasing illusion! "The ways of the world are devious," says Matthew Arnold, but the ways of the Lightning Trick Box when properly handled are admitted to be puzzling and uncertain. You take off the lid and show your friends that it is full of nice candy. Replace the lid, when you can solemnly assure your friends that you can instantly empty the box in their presence without opening it; and taking off the lid again, sure enough the candy has disappeared. Or you can change the candy into a piece of money by following the directions sent with each box. This is the neatest and best cheap trick ever invented.

Price, only 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed, postpaid.
M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.



EGGS OF PHARAOH'S SERPENTS.

A wonderful and startling novelty! "Pharaoh's Serpents" are produced from a small egg, no larger than a pea. Place one of them on a plate, touch fire to it with a common match, and instantly a large serpent, a yard or more in length, slowly uncoils itself from the burning egg. Each serpent assumes a different position. One will appear to be gliding over the ground, with head erect, as though spying danger; another will coil itself up, as if preparing for the fatal spring upon its victim, while another will stretch out lazily, apparently enjoying its usual noonday nap. Immediately after the egg stops burning, the serpent hardens, and may afterward be kept as an amusing curiosity. They are put up in wooden boxes, twelve eggs in a box. Price, 8c.; 3 boxes for 20c.; 1 dozen boxes for 60c., sent by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.



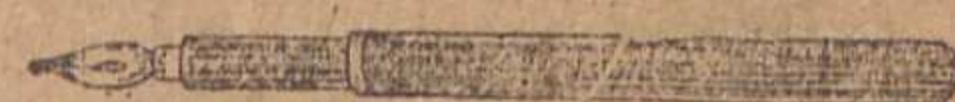
GOOD LUCK BANKS.

Ornamental as well as useful. Made of highly nickelized brass. It holds just One Dollar. When filled it opens itself. Remains locked until refilled. Can be used as a watchcharm. Money refundable if not satisfied. Price, 10c. by mail.



H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn. N. Y.

NEW TEN-CENT FOUNTAIN PEN.



One of the most peculiar and mystifying pens on the market. It requires no ink. All you have to do is to dip it in water, and it will write for an indefinite period. The secret can only be learned by procuring one, and you can make it a source of both pleasure and amusement by claiming to your friends what it can do and then demonstrating the fact. Moreover, it is a good pen, fit for practical use, and will never leak ink into your pocket, as a defective fountain pen might do.

Price, 10c. each by mail.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THE ELK HEAD PUZZLE.

Just out, and one of the most fascinating puzzles on the market. The stunt is to separate the antlers and rejoin them. It looks easy, but try it and you will admit that it is without exception the best puzzle you have ever seen. You can't leave it alone. Made of silvered metal. Price, 12c.; 3 for 30c., sent by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn. N. Y.



MANY TOOL KEY RING.

The wonder of the age. The greatest small tool in the world. In this little instrument you have in combination seven useful tools embracing Key Ring, Pencil Sharpener, Nail Cutter and Cleaner, Watch Opener, Cigar Clipper, Letter Opener and Screw Driver. It is not a toy, but a useful article, made of cutlery steel, tempered and highly nickelized. Therefore will carry an edge the same as any piece of cutlery. As a useful tool, nothing has ever been offered to the public to equal it. Price, 15c., mailed, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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 902 Among the "Sharks"; or, The Lights and Shadows of Wall Street.
 903 In Business for Himself; or, The Lad Who Made the Money.
 904 Clash of the Curb; or, Beating the Money Brokers.
 905 A Million in Rubles; or, The Richest Find in the World.
 906 Tom, the Bank Messenger; or, The Boy Who Got Rich.

407 Contractor Bob; or, Fighting for a Big Job.
 408 A Nervy Deal; or, The Boy Who Bought a Railway.
 409 In the Newspaper Game; or, The Rise of a Cub Reporter.
 410 Up to the Minute; or, From Office Boy to Broker. (A Wall Street Story.)
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 413 After a Square Deal; or, The Richest Claim in the West.
 414 Silver Dollar Sam; or, The Coin that Brought Him Luck. (A Story of Wall Street.)
 415 Bound to Make His Mark; or, Running a Moving Picture Show.
 416 Ed, the Office Boy; or, The Lad Behind the Deals. (A Wall Street Story.)
 417 Lost in the Balkans; or, The Luck of a Young War Correspondent.
 418 Plunging to Win; or, The Deals of a Wall Street Office Boy.
 419 The Young Shipper; or, The Boy Who Was Always on Top.
 420 Beating the Bucketshops; or, Breaking Up a Crooked Game. (A story of Wall Street.)
 421 Fighting for Fame; or, The Struggles of a Young Author.
 422 Stocks and Bonds; or, The Firm With a Grip on the Market. (A Wall Street story.)
 423 Stranded in the City; or, The Boy with a Head for Business.
 424 Getting the Coin; or, The Luckiest Lad in Wall Street.
 425 In the Lumber Trade; or, A Winning Speculator.
 426 A Boy's Big Deal; or, The Wall Street Tip That Won.
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